No. 2304.—Vol. 89.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER AND ILLUSTRATED TIMES

July 22, 1905.

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper.

London: Printed and Published for the Proprietors at 18 Henrietta Street, Strand, W.C.

The King at Sheffield: Special Photos: English Fleet at Brest: Bisley Winners: The Russian Revolution: A Terrible Tragedy of the Sea: Special Pictures Inside.

THE WELSH PIT DISASTER: PATHETIC SCENES AT THE PIT HEAD.

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TO MOTHERS.

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OLD FALSE TEETH.

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Circumstances alter cases, Hinde's Wavers alter faces.

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Eye-Strain

Eye-strain, which affects so many brain-workers, is the cause of brain-fag, headache, and other troubles. Eye-strain shows itself by blurring of sight and pain of the eyes followed by other evils. All sufferers should immediately send postcard to STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Road, London, for his most interesting and useful booklet, "How to Preserve the Eyesight." It tells of SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT, a cure for eye-strain and all other eye troubles, and has 300 years' reputation. Supplied in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- by Chemists & Stores.

THE LAST FEW DAYS.

NOTES ON NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Welsh Pit Disaster.

The horrors of the Welsh Pit Disaster have been brought home to every one of us during the past week. In a way the disaster has helped some of us to realise that there are some things more horrible than war, some heroism greater even than that of the battle field. The pictures which will be found on page 35 tell their own tale. Over a hundred men and boys have been killed in the mine. They have died like heroes. But the sympathy of all will go out to the lonely ones who have been left behind. In one street alone of the little village of Wattstown every woman has lost her husband, and an average of two sons to each house!

Photo, Dinham, Torquay.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

The New Baby.

The Princess of Wales has had another baby. It is a boy. She has now five little sons and a little daughter. The Prince and Princess of Wales, it may be remembered, were married in July, 1893. Their eldest son, Edward, was born in June of the following year. The celebration of his eleventh birthday by a cricket match at Windsor will be fresh in the minds of readers. Another son, Albert, was born in December, 1895, and then a little daughter, Victoria Alexandra, was added to the home circle, in April, 1897. Two more boys were subsequently born, Henry William Frederick Albert in March, 1900, and George Edward in December, 1902. The advent of the present child makes the fifth son, and gives their Royal Highnesses a family of six children. So much has been written about the boy Princes and their sister that they are tolerably well known to the British public. They are typical English children, robust in body and mind, and already give indications of maintaining the best traditions of the Royal House to which they belong. Their education and training are of the most thorough and wholesome character, and that they are under careful home discipline may be judged from the naïve remark of Prince Edward when his parents were absent on their Colonial tour to the effect that he did not particularly wish them back at once as his grandmother was giving him all his own way. They are very affectionate, and no doubt the newcomer will be as much spoiled as most "new babies" are, whether they appear in Royal palace or peasant's cottage.

The King at Sheffield.

On page 36 will be found some excellent photographs of the King's visit to Sheffield last week, specially taken for the *Penny Illustrated Paper* by Mr. Slater, of Corporation Street. The King's visit was noteworthy for the fact that the decorations at Sheffield in his honour covered no less an area than eight miles. Sheffield is a business city, with a business city's recognition of the stimulating effects of competition in commercial enterprise. It had accordingly been divided up into districts,

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

Royal Visit to Sheffield: The King presenting colours to the 2nd Yorkshire Light Infantry.

each one of which was filled with a proper ambition to surpass all the others. The result was a decorative scheme which was probably more lavish and effective than anything of the kind than any previous Royal visit to a provincial town has ever produced.

Plot To Dethrone the Tsar.

The revolution in Russia still continues to spread, and a number of alarming facts have been brought to light during the last week. Illustrations of the most important of recent developments will be found in the photographs on page 37 of this issue. A report reaches the Vienna correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle* from an excellent source in St. Petersburg that a conspiracy is on foot in the reactionary party to dethrone the Tsar. Being strongly opposed to the projected reforms as calculated to undermine the power of the bureaucracy, the reactionaries reproach the Emperor with excessive weakness and incompetence. They demand a stronger ruler, who will be able to hold the reform party in check. A revolution in the Palace is likely to precede a revolution of the people. The reactionaries desire as a successor of Nicholas II. either the Grand Duke Alexander Michailovitch or the Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch. The Grand Duke Michael Alexandrovitch is a brother of the Tsar, and the Grand Duke Alexander Michailovitch is a brother-in-law of his Majesty. Their portraits appear on page 37.

Photo, M. Rol, Paris.

THE BRITISH FLEET AT BREST: The British Admiral received by the French officers.

Highest Possibles.

There has been some fine scoring at Bisley during the past week, and the long rifle's reputation has been amply vindicated. Sergeant Kerr, one of the Canadian team, did some splendid shooting in the Gregory at 200yds. His trial shot was a bull. He then made seven bulls—a highest possible—and followed this up with twelve more bulls and an inner. The twenty consecutive bulls thus scored is, however, by no means a record for Bisley. In the Humphrey Challenge Cup, which was shot for yesterday by two teams of four, representing Oxford and Cambridge Universities, Cambridge was the winner after an exciting contest, scoring 753 against 748. The ranges were 800, 900, and 1,000 yards. Forty-eight schools and colleges each sent a team of eight—the flower of their shooting strength—to compete for the Ashburnham Shield. The boys shot well and coolly, and, after an exciting struggle, Harrow secured the shield with the fine score of 473 out of a possible 560. Rugby followed with 471, and Bedford was third with 470. Photos of many of the winners of the principal events will be found on page 38 of this issue of the *P. I. P.*

Photo, Gale and Polden.

The Fleet at Brest: Admiral May, commanding the British Squadron.

A Good Time at Brest.

The Atlantic fleet had a very good time at Brest. The French sailors and citizens ashore laid themselves out, as only the French can do, to give our men the best of everything. Above will be found a snapshot of Admiral May being received by the French officers on his first arrival, and a photograph of the admiral with his pet dog will also be seen on this page. On page 41 Mr. Dudley Cleaver, our special artist, has endeavoured to show in his usual humorous fashion some of the lighter incidents of the festivities.

Duke Inspects Boy Soldiers.

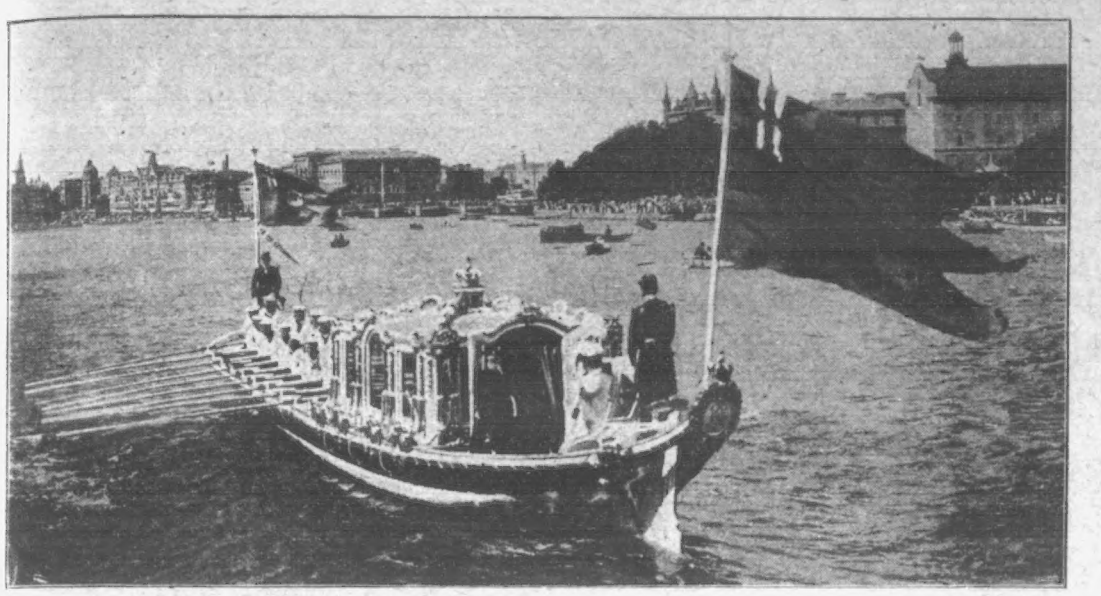
Last week the Duke of Connaught inspected the pupils of the Duke of York Military School, Chelsea, and subsequently watched the boys go through various gymnastic exercises and execute some military manœuvres. The Duke, in an address to the boys, urged them to maintain the high traditions of the school, and concluded by exhorting them to "fear God, honour the King, and do their duty." A snap-shot of his Royal Highness conversing with a bugler-boy of the school appears below, and a charming group of the embryo soldiers with their colours will be found on page 38 of this issue.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE DUKE AND THE BUGLER-BOY: An interesting snapshot of the Duke of Connaught talking to one of the boys at the Royal Military College at Chelsea during his inspection last week.

Photo, Ralph, Versingham.

YORK "COTTAGE," the charming residence at Sandringham of the Prince and Princess of Wales.



Photo, Topical.

THE ROYAL WEDDING: Arrival of Prince Adolf and his bride at Stockholm last week. They were rowed ashore in a gorgeous state barge, and met with a splendid reception on landing.

A Terrible Tale of the Sea.

On page 41 will be found a picture illustrating an incident in a most thrilling tale of the sea. It has been drawn by one of our special artists from the telegraphed accounts of the New Orleans correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. The story was reported by passengers from Honduras. They say that a negro recently secreted himself aboard the schooner *Olympia*, which trades on the Honduras coast, and then proceeded to murder all on board for the sake of £250. The story of the tragedy, which involved the death of twelve people, including three women and one child, is narrated by Miss Morgan, aged twenty, the solitary survivor.

The negro, whose name is McGill, hid himself in the ship, and when at sea made his way to the deck, butchering several of the crew with a magazine revolver or crowbar. Then he raised an alarm, and waited patiently at the gangway, shooting every person who ascended. Several, including the women and child, he murdered in their bunks. He then scuttled the ship, and made Miss Morgan enter a boat. It was early morning when the boat left the sinking vessel.

Despite the fate of the other women, whom the man had shot and threw overboard, Miss Morgan still retained her presence of mind, and resolved to make a fight for liberty. She took up an oar wherewith to defend herself. Immediately the negro shot her, the bullet striking her in the arm. She then jumped overboard and swam away, whereupon the negro took the oar and struck her a stunning blow on the head. The girl then fell back in the water, pretending to be dead. From childhood she was accustomed to swimming, and while still keeping her nose above the water was able to give the murderer the impression that she was dead. The negro rowed away to Utilla, on the mainland. The first news of the tragedy at Utilla was the discovery of the *Olympia's* boat on the beach. Then several bodies were washed ashore, including the baby's, all showing wounds. Finally, Miss Morgan, who swam ashore, was found in a small wood almost naked, and nearly mad with suffering. When she recovered she told the story, and the infuriated people of Utilla organised a search for the negro, who was discovered in hiding two days later. By order of President Bonilla the natives refrained from summary vengeance, but not before Bonilla had promised that McGill should die by torture in the presence of the entire town. The tragedy occurred on July 1, and passengers landing at New Orleans discussed nothing else.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

Mathew Davis, the sole survivor of the Welsh Pit Disaster.

Royal Visit to Wimbledon.

The King and Queen drove to Wimbledon on Saturday afternoon to open Queen Alexandra's Court, the charming homes which have just been erected by the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association for the widows and daughters of Army and Navy officers. After she had opened the little wicket-gate leading to the upper lawn with a golden key, the Queen smilingly handed a little white envelope to Sir James Gildea. Not until after the royal visitors had gone did Sir James open the Queen's missive. A cheque for £6,000 fluttered in the air, and in the Queen's own handwriting the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association secretary read: "I have much pleasure in announcing to you that I was left, through the kind generosity of the late Mr. Charles Lear, £6,000, which I now divide equally between these homes for officers' widows and daughters and the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association. Before leaving the upper lawn the Queen planted a copper beech close to the flagstaff where waved the house flag, displaying the Imperial Crown over her own monogram; while the King chatted genially with the ladies on the lawn. He looked quite pleased when a gentle, white-haired old lady in lavender and lace—Lady Aylesford—congratulated him on the birth of his latest grandson. Followed by Princess Victoria and the Duke of of Sparta, the King and Queen led the way to the quadrangle, where a round of calls was to be made. The widow of an officer of the Black Watch, who won the Victoria Cross in the Crimean War, was the first to have the honour of a royal visit. The Queen was told that, as not one of the sixty ladies in residence was in a position to keep a servant, £100 being the maximum income of each resident, the kitchen had been provided with many labour-saving devices, such as a chute for cinders and refuse, and a gas-cooker in addition to the ordinary range. Before the Royal visitors left, the King planted a golden beech on the lawn, and the King and Queen entered their names in the Alexandra Court visiting-book.

The Welsh Pit Disaster.

Below will be found a series of graphic extracts from the reports of the correspondents of the daily papers in connection with the Welsh pit disaster.

By three o'clock in the afternoon of the day of the disaster thousands of persons had gathered at the pit-head, and the scenes of anguish were pitiful in the extreme. The neighbouring colliery at Porth was idle on account of a local strike, and nearly 1,200 colliers had just left a mass meeting at the Porth town hall when they heard the news. There was a rush for the "Cwtch" Colliery, as it is termed locally, and cycles, traps, grocers' carts, wagonettes, and every other available means of conveyance were requisitioned. By five o'clock the village, which consists of a series of parallel terraces on a pleasant Welsh hillside, presented a pitiful sight. Mothers and children were rushing wildly to and fro, while the night men, who had been hurriedly roused from their beds, were standing at the corners of the streets, silent and helpless. It was awful to see and hear those little ones just let loose from school, many of them already fatherless. Approaching the colliery from Porth, I was compelled to force my way through a dense crowd of sympathisers, who formed a cordon quite a mile in circumference, says the *Daily Mail* correspondent. Only the friends of those in the pit were allowed on the surface, and here and there could be seen sad groups of weeping mothers and sisters, garbed in the customary flannel dress and clean white apron. Many pathetic stories are told by the rescue parties, says the *Daily Express*, not the least touching of which is that of a father's effort to save his son's life. His coatless body was found with the boy's body grasped in a close embrace. Round the lad's face the father's coat was wrapped in a vain effort to shield him from the deadly after-damp. I am told that as Mr. Meredith, the manager, was entering the cage to descend to death, his little daughter clung to him, and tearfully exclaimed: "Daddy, daddy, dewch yn ol [come back.]" There was a dramatic incident at the inquest, when the constable on duty was ordered to call a witness named Reeves. "The same name as yourself, said the coroner. "Any relative?" "It is myself," replied the constable. Reeves then identified his son, aged twenty-two. Davis is now the sole survivor of the men who were in the affected area of the explosion, and he owes his life to his remarkable presence of mind and resourcefulness. He had made such good progress towards recovery that he was able last week to give an account of his experiences to the *Evening Standard*. He said: "Shortly before twelve o'clock I was in the lamp-locking cabin, which is a short distance from the bottom of the shaft, when there was a severe shock, followed by a big rush of air. Knowing that something serious had happened, I at once took my tea-can from my jacket, wetted the jacket with the tea, and held it over my mouth and nostrils, and lay down. The jacket dried, and I poured out what tea was left in the can, and again held the wet jacket to my month. At last I became unconscious, and I remembered no more till I came to at home in bed." "Mr. Meredith, the manager," he added, "was in the cabin, and left about ten minutes before the explosion, and there was a haulier's boy in the cabin at the time, who died while I lay there fighting for my life against the after-damp."

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE WELSH PIT DISASTER: The first search party.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

The Welsh Pit Disaster: A row of cottages from which all the husbands have been killed, and also an average to each house of two of the sons. Two of the women have been removed to a lunatic asylum.

A Swan Duel.

A fight to the death between two full-grown swans was witnessed on the Wyck stream, a tributary of the Thames. They could not be separated and continued until one died of exhaustion. The other was severely injured about the neck.

Town Destroyed by Fire.

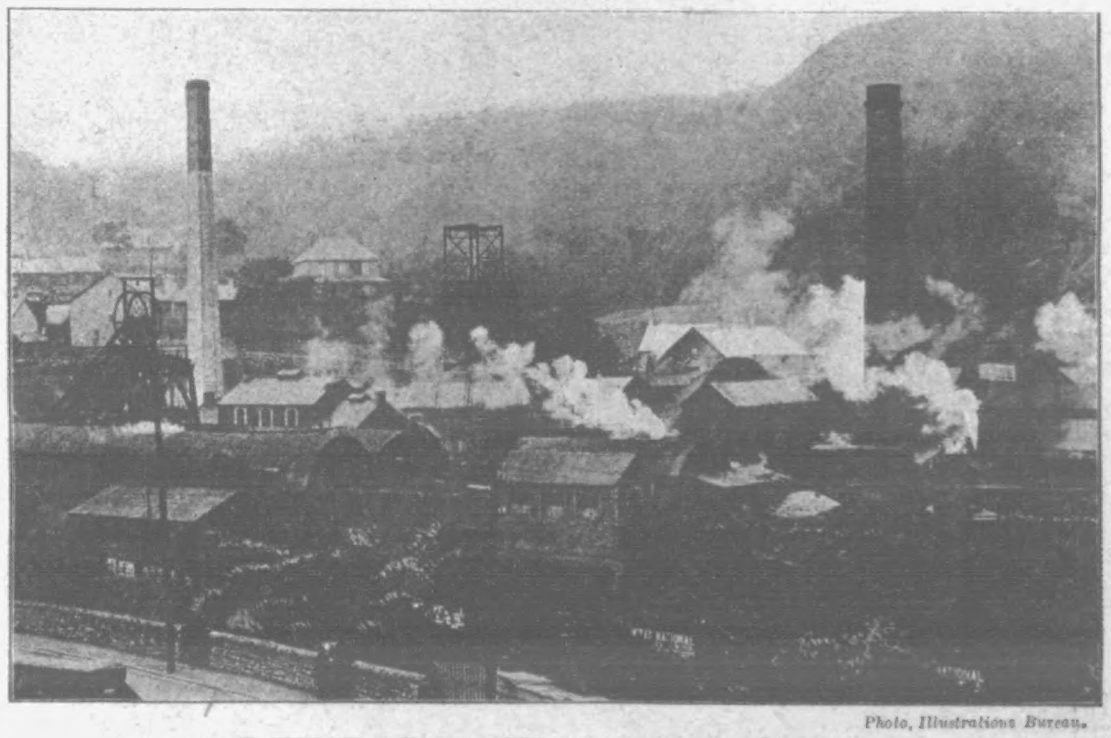
A fire has devastated the town of Toeketerebes, in North-Eastern Hungary. So fierce was the conflagration that in two or three hours over 100 houses and the public buildings were destroyed. Many people were killed and wounded, and several hundred cattle perished in the flames.

Shot on the Rifle Range.

A singular accident occurred at the shooting range of the 4th Cheshire Regiment, at Chapel-en-le-Frith, on Saturday. Two men stood up, when a rifle went off, and both fell shot, and were so seriously injured that they had to be taken to the Stockport Infirmary. They had stepped on a loaded rifle, which had been carelessly left in the grass.

Fatal Accident on Parade.

While on the parade ground at the camp of the 5th (Glasgow Highland) V.B. Highland L.I., at Gailes, the horse of Col. W. I. Mackenzie fell and rolled over him. As a result of the injuries he received the colonel died subsequently in Glasgow. He became lieutenant-colonel of the Glasgow Highlanders only six months ago, and was very popular in the regiment.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

THE WELSH PIT DISASTER: A general view of the colliery.

Detroit's Mounted Police.

New York is not the only American city that has reason to be proud of its mounted policemen. Detroit, says the *New York Tribune*, also possesses a mounted police force that has passed beyond the experimental stage. So thoroughly has the Detroit police department demonstrated the efficiency and value of mounted officers that cities all over the West are beginning to seek information from Detroit's Police Commissioner. At present Detroit's mounted police force contains thirty men, who daily cover regular beats in various remote parts of the city. Any one of these officers could play a not unimportant part in a Wild West show. The men are taught to ride at a gallop while standing up in their stirrups. The poorest rider in the force can pick up an object from the ground while galloping at full speed. The members of the squad have practised until they are crack revolver shots while in motion. The horses and riders are trained to work in unison. At a given signal from a rider his mount will suddenly sit back on its haunches, thus forming with its neck and shoulders a perfect bulwark for its master. At another signal this same animal will, in the space of four seconds, roll over on its side, allowing its rider to fire from behind it. One of the prettiest spectacles of the "practice days" of the squad is to be seen when the thirty horses perform this manœuvre together. Once a week, on drill days, Detroit's mounted policemen go through all of their fancy movements and evolutions under the critical eyes of Capt. Lemuel Guiman, their trainer. On these days they charge and wheel, march in perfect alignment, shoot to the front and rear, ride Cossack fashion, do spiral work, bareback riding, hippodrome work, take the hurdles, go through the lying-down drill, and form hollow squares. If a rider shows himself deficient in doing these things he is quickly dropped out of the squad and another takes his place. These drills are inspiring sights, and thousands of Detroit people witness them every Tuesday afternoon on a big common, three miles from the heart of the city. All of the horses are fine animals, and are of one colour. This training has resulted in some remarkable work. Last winter the police force of Detroit were on the look-out for a diamond thief. Sergeant Parker, a mounted policeman at that time, was riding around his beat when he saw the man wanted alight from a street car. He immediately gave chase, and the thief led him the race of his life. Over fences, tearing up front lawns and back-yards, over hedges and rubbish, Parker drove his horse, now nearly catching his man and then losing him temporarily. The animal whirled and wheeled at the slightest pressure of the officer's knees, and it was due greatly to the sagacity of the horse that finally the man was cornered. For this clever bit of work Parker was promoted to be a sergeant, and he is now recognised as the most daring rider in the squad. Not long ago a Detroit mounted policeman pursued two car-breakers, who fled up a railroad track on a handcar at his approach. Squarely up the centre of the track for half a mile the policeman pursued the thieves at a gallop. Within less than ten minutes the pursued men were compelled to stop their car and surrender.

Millionaire's Sons Committed for Trial.

Mr. John Scheffor Phipps and Mr. Henry Carnegie Phipps, sons of the well-known American millionaire, who is the present tenant of Beaufort Castle, were brought before the Sheriff at Inverness Castle for the purpose of making a declaration with reference to the recent shooting of a party of fishermen on the River Beauly. The young men were accompanied by their law agent, and the declaration, as is usual in Scotland, was heard in private. The Messrs. Phipps are typical young Americans, tall and slender. As they entered the Castle they appeared cool and self-possessed. It is understood that the charge against them is that of recklessly discharging firearms whereby two fishermen named Fraser and another named Robertson were injured. Both young men were committed for trial, and were released on bail of £500 each. During the hearing they expressed their regret at the circumstances, and said they had no intention of hurting anyone.

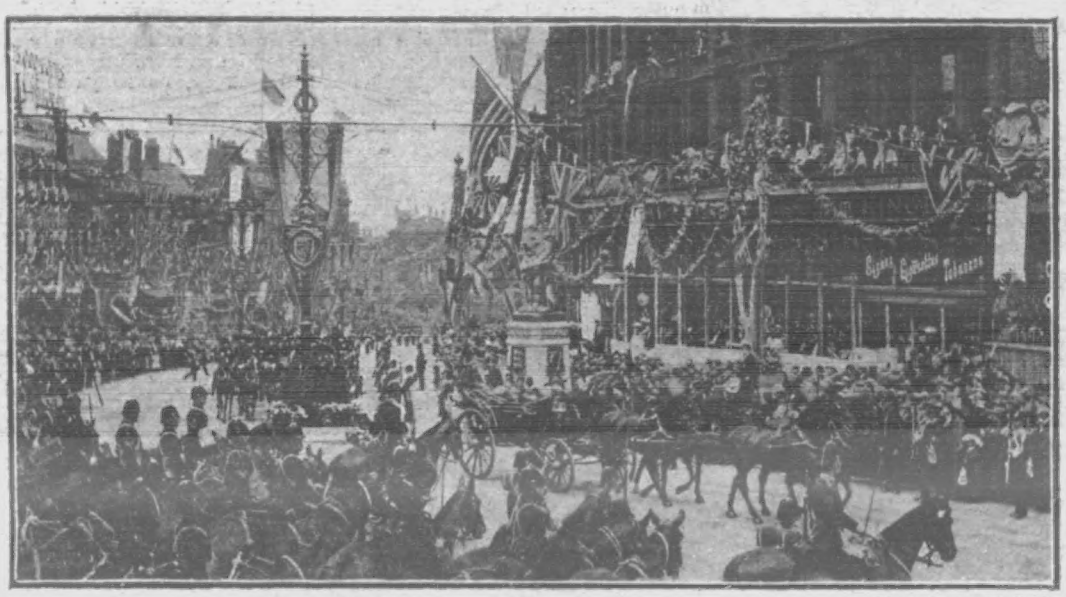
The fisherman John Allen Fraser who has lost the sight of his right eye, still remains in Beaufort Castle, where he is receiving skilled medical treatment.

Arctic Exploration.

Commander Peary, who is about to leave New York in the *Roosevelt*, on an expedition in Arctic regions, hopes, by following the Smith Sound, or "American" route, to force his ship to a base within 500 miles of the Pole itself, and then to sledge across the ice pack to the North Pole. The *Roosevelt* which is a powerful steamer with auxiliary sail power, has been specially constructed for Arctic exploration, and will carry a wireless telegraphic outfit, which, with one or two relay stations in Greenland, will keep her in communication with the permanent telegraph station at Chateau Bay, Labrador, and thence by existing lines with New York. By the same means communication with the explorer will be possible, at least for a portion of the distance, when, in February next, the sledge party leaves the *Roosevelt* for the northern dash. The ship will carry a couple of years' supplies, and is supplied with two deck houses, one of which will be portable. When the most northerly point of navigation has been reached, this will be carried ashore to serve as winter quarters, and later as a storehouse. With regard to the route to be followed it is intended to establish a permanent sub base at Cape Sabine, on the west coast of Smith's Sound, and, after securing the services of the necessary Eskimos, to force the vessel through Kane Basin and Kennedy and Robeson Channels to the northern coast of Grant Land, or of Greenland, if the conditions should compel it, and there winter within 500 miles of the Pole. From these winter quarters, a start north over the Polar pack will be made in February. Commander Peary will then be accompanied by a small light pioneer party of picked Eskimos, and will be followed by a large main party with reserve supplies. The explorers will then have available a probable period of five months in which to traverse the distance between their vessel and the Pole. In the event of the failure of the *Roosevelt* to force Kennedy and Robeson Channels during the first summer, the dash for the Pole would have to be postponed until February, 1907. The advantages claimed for the Cape Sabine route are that Commander Peary's fixed land base will be a hundred miles nearer the Pole than on any other route, that a more rigid ice pack is to be found here than on the other side of the Pole, and that there is a richer land base to which to return, and a well-known line of communication and retreat from the ship to comparatively low latitudes. Mrs. Peary and her daughter will accompany the explorer, and will remain at the base during the northern dash.

Photo, Slater, Sheffield.

THE KING AT SHEFFIELD: His Majesty at the Works of Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim, Ltd., watching the tapping of 45 tons of molten steel.



Photo, Slater, Sheffield.

THE KING AT SHEFFIELD: A scene on the line of route.

Sheffield's Welcome.

The King and Queen were met at the station by the Lord Mayor, who was presented to their Majesties by the Marquess of Londonderry. The formalities over, the procession formed in the yard of the station. First came a troop of Yeomanry, then followed carriages with the aldermen and the Master Cutler. The Duke of Norfolk was accompanied by Lady Mary Howard. Next to his carriage was the Lord Mayor's coach; then came the escort of the 18th Hussars, and finally the King and Queen, attended by the Marquess of Londonderry. The clanging of bells and the beating of drums were drowned in the roar of cheering that went up from the waiting crowd. It was, in all senses of the word, a Royal reception. Both the King and Queen smiled and looked greatly pleased. The King was in field-marshal's uniform, while the Queen was dressed in pale mauve. They entered the town hall, where luncheon was served, and afterwards the procession formed again to go to the new university. At the town hall addresses were presented on behalf of the Corporation, the Company of Cutlers, the Chamber of Commerce, and the Town Trustees. Replying, the King said that the college would foster the spirit of enterprise so distinguished a characteristic of British commerce in the past, and encourage the spread of that technical and scientific training which was now more than ever necessary to enable Great Britain to hold her commercial position.

Photo, Slater, Sheffield.

THE KING AT SHEFFIELD: Opening of the University. The Archbishop of York reading a short service in the quadrangle.

Shocking Electrical Accident.

A shocking accident occured at the Westinghouse Works power station at Neasden in connection with the Metropolitan Railway. John O'Malley, electrician, of Cobbold-road, Willesden, and a boy named Martin Ruddy, of Willesden, on entering one of the transformer chambers, became entangled in live wires. O'Malley was instantly killed, and Ruddy, who was badly burned, was removed to the hospital.

Baptists in Council.

The first world's congress of Baptists that has ever been held began in London last week. Nearly 5,000 Baptists from all the centres and ends of the earth have invaded London, and Bloomsbury is at present a residential annexe of the New Baptist Church House in Southampton-row. Spain is the only leading European nation that is not represented. Germany and Sweden have sent strong detachments, and France, Norway, Italy, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Hungary, and even Russia, are represented. The chief Russian delegate is Baron Uxhiull, a friend of Lord Radstock. But the Baptist Church is predominantly an American institution, and of more than 2,000 foreign delegates about 500 have come from the United States and 150 from Canada. There are, in fact, several separate Baptist bodies in the States, each with a larger membership than the Baptist Church in the United Kingdom.

A Fête at Dartford.

The President (Dr. W. H. Nichols) and the members of the Society of Chemical Industry of the British Empire and America as part of the programme of their convention in London paid a visit of inspection on Saturday to the works of Burroughs, Wellcome & Co. After inspecting the "Kepler" and "Tabloid" buildings, the party was joined by a number of distinguished medical and other guests, amongst whom were Sir Patrick Manson, Lady Manson, Sir James Dick, Professor H. E. Armstrong, and Mr. R. A. Robinson, L.C.C. (President of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain), and adjourned to the Wellcome Club and Institute, founded for the benefit of the firm's employees. Here luncheon was served to 2,000 guests in a special marquee, after which a *fête* was held in commemoration of the completion of the firm's quarter century of work.

Photo by a Russian Correspondent.

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION: Horse Guards who mutinied last week. The barracks shown in the background were totally destroyed.

Soldiers for Sailors.

All the ships of the Black Sea squadron now carry troops to suppress any attempt at mutiny on the part of the crew. Most of the ships carry as many soldiers as sailors.

At Warsaw.

The shoemakers and butchers on strike have been joined by the confectioners, bookbinders, journeymen bricklayers, glassworkers, stone cutters, and paviors, who demand an increase of 50 per cent. in their wages. Many excesses are being committed, and the situation is critical.

At Minsk.

A general strike has been declared here. Factories and shops are closed, and no trams are running. Thousands of workmen have been parading the streets. Cossacks fired on the crowd, who replied with revolvers. Several persons were wounded.

At Tiflis.

A workman has been arrested here with fifty-two bombs in his possession, also a girl with three bombs. Fifty-seven more bombs have been found in the quarters of an employé at the arsenal. Another person, whose identity is not known, has been arrested at the railway-station with bombs in his possession.

Mutiny of Cossacks.

Reuter's Warsaw correspondent states that at the cotton milling centre of Zgierz, near Lodz, a company of Cossacks have refused to eat their dinner owing to the badness of the food. They sent a delegate named Ali Khazanow to see the captain and to demand double pay, double rations, better food, and their arrears of pay. In reply to this request the officer drew his revolver and shot the delegate dead. The Cossacks still persisting in their demands, the captain called up some infantry, who surrounded, disarmed, and bound the rebels, and then marched them to the military prison in the fortress of Ivangorod.

The Tsar's Brother, the Grand Duke Michael. It is said that a plot has been formed to dethrone Nicholas and place either Michael or the Grand Duke Alexander on the Russian Throne.

The Jews and the Japanese.

In the second and third millenniums before Christ there were huge empires both in North-east Africa and Western Asia from the Euphrates westward, over which were placed powerful kings, who could command armies of two hundred thousand, three hundred thousand, or six hundred thousand men. It would be vital for these mighty empires to get to the sea, but they conquered anybody and everybody except two nations, who were between them and the sea. The area where these empires came to grief was Phœnicia and Palestine. The fact that not one of the Phœnician towns was ever taken rested on independent contemporary evidence. It took six generations to conquer the town of Damascus, and when they compared that with the easy manner in which Egypt was conquered, they must come to the conclusion, if they were honest, that, after all, there was something special in the people. The Jewish nation was between the desert and the sea, and, living on the borders of these vast empires, the Jews never knew at what moment the Assyrians, the Hittites, or the Babylonians might come down upon them. They were on the continual and uninterrupted *qui vive*. They had no great armies, and no money to bribe these empires. What was left? They had to energise themselves into a higher force. Since they could not beat these empires by brute force, they must exceed in point of spiritual force. By learning science, and making every one in their nation an intelligent initiative man, the Japanese smashed the Russians, and that was the process by which the Jews held their own against their mighty neighbours.—Dr. Emil Reich in a lecture at Westminster.

Assassination in Moscow.

Count Shuvaloff, the Prefect of Moscow was murdered in his own residence, while holding his customary open reception. Unlike most Russian officials, he preserved the ancient Muscovite custom, imported from the Orient, of personally receiving everybody who had a complaint to make or a petition to present. According to that practice, he gave audience to-day. A long line of aggrieved citizens gathered in the basement of his residence. The Count heard their complaints, and issued immediate orders to the clerk and the orderly by whom he was accompanied. The tragedy happened in the middle of the audience. While the Count was listening to the recital of some small grievance the man next in line crooked his hand round the back of the complainant, and rapidly fired three shots from a Browning automatic revolver. The first shot struck the Count in the arm, the second pierced his breast, the third embedded itself in the clerk's leg. Count Shuvaloff was carried upstairs. He lost consciousness on the way, and died in half an hour, without speaking. The people waiting for audience seized the assassin, and handed him over to the police. He is a man of about thirty years of age, clad in good but not very clean clothes. As he is clearly not of the educated class, and is not an artisan, it is supposed that he is a criminal or an agitator. He carried a passport, describing him as a citizen of Kursk, but that is probably forged. All that is known of him is that he was once detained as an unknown suspect, and escaped from gaol. The cause of the outrage is a mystery. Count Shuvaloff was liked and respected by everybody, and he was indefatigable in his labours for the welfare of all classes.

Photo, Underwood and Underwood.

Russian convicts hauling Government freight wagons at Saghalien. The third man from the left has around his shoulders a rope attached to the wheel-hub, which he has been using like a wagon trace in doing his share of the hauling. The bearded man at his right, with a hand on the next cart-wheel, has his legs chained together. Notice the drawn bayonets of the guards.

Russian Shell Goes Astray.

The story of the Black Sea Fleet for the past month or two will probably never be told, but very significant items occasionally crop up, such as the following, which is told rather as a comic incident:—During the fleet practice firing, so the story says, a shell from the battleship *Tri Sviatitielia* from a six-inch gun landed close by the military store of modern high explosives in Sebastopol. It did not explode, and the indignant municipality secured and brought it to the town-hall as evidence. It was given a prominent position in the council chamber, where an officer from the fleet found it, and desired to take it back to the ship. The comic element appears in the story of how the wily officer beguiled the town officials into parting with this piece of evidence. He assured them that it might explode at any moment, and reduce the municipal hall to ruins.

A Lady Mariner.

America is still to the fore. Miss Jane Morgan, a young society lady of Philadelphia, has secured a certificate of master mariner, and in fulfilment of a long-cherished ambition she sailed last week to Norway in charge of her father's yacht *Waturas*. She undertakes the duties of navigation and seamanship in every detail, and hopes to encounter a gale in crossing the Atlantic to give her a chance of proving her ability as a sailor. The *Telegraph* says that from Norway the *Waturas* proceeds to the Isle of Wight

The Grand Duke Alexander and his Wife: Many people in Russia would like to see him in the place of the Tsar.

Voyage on a Red-Hot Ship.

A thrilling tale of fire and storm at sea has been received by the mail from San Francisco. The captain and ten men, sole survivors of the crew of thirty hands of the full-rigged ship *Agnes*, which was destroyed by fire off Cape Horn recently, arrived at that port. The vessel was bound from Shields to Valparaiso, with a cargo of coal and coke, and a fire broke out under the main hatch when she was five weeks out. Six days later a terrible explosion blew the main hatch forty feet into the air. By this time the sides of the vessel were red-hot, and it became impossible to stay aboard. The three boats were launched, and all the hands except the captain, second mate, sailmaster, and boatswain took to them. For three more days the boats were towed after the burning ship, and then those remaining on board were obliged to abandon the vessel. When the boats left the ship to her fate, the sides were glowing almost to the water's edge, and around a central pillar of smoke was a cloud of steam caused by the water beating against the red-hot vessel. As the boats were making for Cape Horn, about fifty miles away, a hurricane sprang up, and they became separated in a blinding snowstorm. The captain's boat was picked up by the American clipper *Argon*, bound for San Francisco, but nothing has been heard of the other boats.

Gamekeeping as a Career.

To succeed as a gamekeeper a man must possess many natural gifts—a love of outdoor life, an eye and a mind for nature—and he must continually cultivate and enlarge them. The chief quality for a successful keeper is the capacity for really hard physical work—not of the look-on-while-somebody-else-does-it variety. He must be willing to put aside conventionality, and, while retaining his self-respect, to pocket his personal pride. There are two ways of making a start. The best is apprenticeship with a thoroughly good head keeper—though head keepers do not regularly take apprentices in the same way as plumbers. The other way is to become attached to a game farm. Here pheasant-rearing may be well learnt, but little else of a keeper's manifold accomplishments. Mr. Owen Jones—a Marlborough and Oxford man—who has had ten years' experience as a head keeper, contributes a most instructive article upon the subject to the Outdoor Number of *Pearson's Magazine*.

Photo, Fafi.

SAGHALIEN: Arrival of the post, which is conveyed by a sledge drawn by a pack of dogs.

Photo, Knight, Aldershot.
A Queer Attitude: Sir H. Thynne firing.

The Lighting of Our Coasts.

In an interesting article in *Good Words* on the equipment, maintenance, and control of the lightships round our coasts, Mr. Walter Wood says there are fifty-two of these vessels, with a reserve of eight to take the places of any ships which are disabled by accident or require bringing in for overhauling or repair. The average cost of maintaining a lightship is £1,300 or £1,400 a year—a sum which includes lighting, wages, wear and tear of anchors and cables, etc.—making a rough total for the fifty-two active service ships of £70,000 per annum. The initial cost of a lightship is, speaking in round figures, about £12,000. Each lightship has a crew of eleven, all told—the master, the mate, three lamplighters, and six seamen—but of these only seven are on board at one time, the other four being engaged in work at the Trinity district depôt ashore. The master and mate take command alternately, and each has a month afloat and a month ashore. The seamen have two months afloat and one ashore. A Trinity steamer visits each lightship monthly, making what is known as the monthly relief. She takes out the relief men and stores, water and provisions, which will last well over the period that elapses before her next visit—for bad weather may make it impossible to get near the lightship, either to put the relief men on board or take off the men for the shore. In such a case she must watch for her chance—and take it—when the weather moderates.

The Oldest Industry in England.

The oldest industry in Great Britain—its existence has been traced back to the prehistoric stone age—is still being carried on at the village of Brandon, on the borders of Norfolk and Suffolk, and is said to be in a flourishing condition. It is a manufactory of gun and tinder-box flints. The work is done in little sheds, often at the back of the cottages where those engaged in this almost out-of-date occupation dwell. It will naturally be asked, says *T.A.T.*, who buys the products, who wants tinder-box flints and gun flints in these days of "safety" matches, vestas, and quick-firing, breech-loading rifles? The answer to the first question is that there is a good trade in tinder-box flints with Spain and Italy, where the tinder-box still holds its ground in rural districts. Travellers in remote uncivilised regions, moreover, are liable to run out of their supply of matches at inconvenient moments, and find flint and steel a veritable boon. Then, again, matches are prone to become useless just when they are most needed, through having absorbed moisture; and in very hot climates they may explode, and leave the traveller who has no flints and tinder in a very awkward position. Flints are also used in making the ingenious little mechanical devices for lighting pipes and cigars which one often sees in tobacco-shop windows, and which are among the most useful articles in a traveller's outfit.

Pigeons' Missed Flight.

Of the many thousands of pigeons sent from Nantes last week to fly to their homes in Lancashire not 590 had regained their cotes, according to the *Manchester Dispatch*; and nearly 8,000 were reported as missing. It is said that it will take years for Lancashire's pigeon fanciers to recover from the blow. Many well-known racing pigeon owners, who each sent from ten to twenty birds, have not yet seen one of their returned pets; a disheartening finish to many anxious weeks of care and special training. Up to Wednesday last week, and in some cases Thursday night, not a pigeon had been reported home in scores of the Lancashire combine clubs; and some of these societies sent over 100 birds to the race. The wholesale loss is due to the big army of birds encountering a heavy fog in the English Channel, and to rain. Hundreds would no doubt be drowned, while others would, on encountering the mist, "turn tail" and remain in France until an opportunity presented itself of crossing the water in clearer weather. But, taking the present position in the most favourable light, it is estimated that thousands of the pigeons will never see their homes again.

In a Mountain Cave.

Dr. Flossel, the well-known Austrian geologist, while on an exploring tour in the Southern Tyrol, discovered in the neighbourhood of Leitmeritz a curious modern troglodyte dwelling of a romantic origin. More than ninety years ago a young blacksmith fell in love with the daughter of a schoolteacher at Lewin. He married the girl, notwithstanding her parents' objection, and having no means of subsistence nor a house to live in, he pierced an opening in one of the Geltschberg Mountains, and hollowed out the solid rock into a habitable cave, in which he took up his abode with his young wife. On the birth of his first child he cut another room out of the rock, and when his family had grown to eight members he added a third. This latter compartment is still inhabited by the aged daughters of the resourceful blacksmith, the two women maintaining themselves by the sale of the produce of an orchard situated in close vicinity to the cave. The authorities at Leitmeritz, on receiving Dr. Flossel's report, ordered the women to quit their cave dwelling, but at their pathetic entreaties rescinded the order and gave them leave to end their days in the mountain on the payment of six shillings per annum as house tax. The sisters are both over seventy years of age, and lead a very lonely existence, never coming into contact with the inhabitants of the adjacent villages, except on market days, when they come to sell their fruit.

Photo, Bowden.
BISLEY WINNERS: The team from Scotland who carried off the Mackinnon Cup.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.
Boys of the Duke of York's School, Chelsea, who were inspected by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught last week.

Photo, Bowden.
BISLEY WINNERS: The Harrow Team, winners of the Ashburton Shield for Public Schools.

Photo, Fradelle & Young.
Banquet in honour of Sir Howard Vincent on his resigning the command of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers after twenty years' service.

An Algerian Rebel.

An interesting figure associated with a stirring episode of the history of the colony has just passed away in Algeria. El Mokrani, the leader of the Arab rising of 1871, has just died at the age of 75, twelve months after the pardon which permitted him to return to his home from New Caledonia. Sentenced to death for his revolt, the punishment was commuted to transportation for life, and El Mokrani spent more than thirty years in the penal colony. He was not in confinement, however. Most of that period was spent as a horse dealer, for an Arab knows by instinct the points of a horse, and when the natives, whom he despised, rose in insurrection as he himself had once done, he organised his fellow Arab exiles into a little body of horse against them, and rode one last charge in the service of that France against which he had formerly rebelled. This loyalty it was which finally won his pardon, and he has died at the home of his son in the land of his fathers.

Honour for Brave Men.

Mr. H. R. Oswald, the coroner at Greenwich, presented to Thomas Follett, Lambeth, the Royal Humane Society's bronze medal and a certificate in recognition of his gallant attempt to save the life of William Freak, a sewer-flusher, who was suffocated in one of the Rotherhithe sewers. Follett and Freak were both employees of the London County Council. Certificates were also presented to Thomas Bassett, John Coleman, a fireman, and William Standen.

Record Railway Run.

An American millionaire, Mr. Walter Scott, has broken the railway record between Los Angeles and Chicago, covering the 2,247 miles in forty-five hours—practically fifty miles an hour for the whole distance. Some parts of the journey were covered at a sensational speed. This trip, which was made on the Santa Fé Railway, cost 5,500 dollars for railway expenses alone, sixteen shifts of men being employed by the company to get the run made in the best time possible. Mr. Scott ordered huge quantities of champagne for his friends and railway men at the stations along the line.

Freaks of a Cyclone.

Some interesting meteorological observations are published in Milan concerning the recent cyclone which spread devastation over a wide district around the city. The figures are too technical for reproduction, but, as was the case in France, the hurricane had done its worst within the short space of half an hour, during which it had almost veered round the compass. At 8.30 a.m. a low-lying livid cloud loomed from the south-west, bursting from which issued a wind that scattered ruin in its track as it swerved to north-east, then back to south-west, then to west—all before 9 o'clock, when the storm began to abate.

The Dangers of the Deep.

The interesting fact that the number of new rocks and shoals discovered each year steadily increases is brought out in the report of the Admiralty Hydrographer for 1904. The number of uncharted rocks dangerous to navigation reported during 1904 was nearly treble those reported in 1894. They amounted to 482, of which sixty-five were reported by the surveying vessels, thirty-one by other of His Majesty's ships, and eight by British and foreign vessels, while twenty-six were only discovered by vessels striking on them. Colonial and foreign Governments reported 352.

The Penalty of Wealth.

Mr. John E. Rockefeller, the head of the Standard Oil Trust, is receiving letters threatening his life. They are evidently signed with an assumed name, and no efforts of the police can discover the sender. Mr. Rockefeller fears (says the Chicago correspondent of the *Chronicle*) that the letters are from someone of an unsound mind, and he has taken the very greatest precautions to protect himself. His house is closely guarded night and day, and he is accompanied by two detectives wherever he goes.

Qualities of a Nurse.

For women who aspire to be nurses there are three indispensable qualities, says the *Hospital*—intelligence, skill, and devotion. The first, in its higher meaning, when nurses first began to be trained and until quite recently, was not always deemed an essential. intelligence involves education—that is, general knowledge of a relative high standard. . . . Intelligence produces tact, and without tact no woman can make a good nurse. Hence intelligence is an indispensable quality in both the professions of medicine and of nursing. Skill is another essential quality, for it includes reasonableness, powers of discrimination and discernment, understanding and reason. As applied to nursing, skill, of course, involves practical knowledge and ability. It means a readiness and excellence in applying knowledge and scientific methods to practical ends. It also involves expertness and dexterity in the accomplishment of the day's work, combined with a power of action which ministers the maximum of comfort and tenderness in the handling of a patient, and attention to that patient's requirements.

Girl's Career of Success.

Miss Philippa Garrett Fawcett, who was "above the senior wrangler" in the Cambridge mathematical tripos in 1890, was last week appointed by the London County Council as principal assistant in the Education Department, at a salary of £400 a year, rising to £600. There were 486 candidates. Miss Fawcett, whose defeat of the senior wrangler at Cambridge caused such a sensation at the time, is the only daughter of the late Professor Fawcett, the blind Postmaster-General. She confirmed her first success at Cambridge by obtaining a first class in Part II. of the mathematical tripos. Miss Fawcett's teaching experience, combined with her great mathematical abilities, should make her a very valuable member of the staff of the London Education Department. Her mother is Mrs. Henry Fawcett, who has written and spoken on many subjects, and to whom the question of woman's suffrage is especially interesting.

A Teetotal Joke.

The action of some teetotalers who rendered timely aid at a recent fire at a shop at Watlington, Oxon, by removing bottles of spirits has been made the subject of pleasantry in the neighbourhood. They have been accused of infringing their pledge not to "touch, taste, or handle" the evil thing. But the laugh is with them, after all; for their prompt action not only stopped the fire from being a very serious one, but, no doubt, prevented much drunkenness among those who would have got possession of the spoils.

Photo, Knight.
Bisley Winners: The team from Cambridge who carried off the Humphrey Cup.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

Next Monday will begin the fourth of the test match series, and let us hope that it will be played to a definite issue. As it is to take place at Manchester there is some probability of the game being won and lost, for the Old Trafford ground does not bear the best of reputations for prolonged stays for batsmen. Cotter's exclusion at Leeds I characterised as a mistake on the part of the Colonial captain, and I shall be very greatly surprised if the fast bowler is left out next Monday. There should be some "humming" if he plays for Australia and Brearley for England.

The most important match of last week-end was that between Essex and Lancashire—two counties which almost invariably make a good fight. From first to last the balance was in favour of Essex, but though they were able to declare at half-past one last Saturday, the batting of Lancashire proved powerful enough to stave off defeat. Archie MacLaren showed some of his "test" form, and Tyldesley, Sharp, and A. H. Hornby were also great factors in bringing about the draw. Had Essex continued to win, the position in the County Championship would have been most interesting, as Lancashire and Surrey would have tied for premier place.

The usual fashionable crowd was present at Lord's to witness the annual match between Eton and Harrow. On both days the scene at the St. John's Wood enclosure was of the brightest and gayest description, and the two eldest sons of the Prince of Wales were present on each occasion. The cricket was also of the best, and at times reached a much higher standard than one usually associates with schoolboy cricket.

There is no doubt that J. Reunert is a batsman of class. The Harrovian has not many inches, but he uses every one of them to the full. He is a left-hander of the fearless type, with a number of really fine strokes, his Harrow cut, in particular, being made after a fashion that would have delighted the heart of dear old I. D. Walker. He deserved every one of his 92 runs. Another batsman of promise on the Harrow side was C. V. Baker, who played capitally for 57 in the second innings of the school on the hill.

Photo, Fred Spalding.

ESSEX COUNTY SPORTS: The Earl of Essex enjoys a quiet cigar during the interval.

Photo, Foster.

Gentlemen v. Players: T. Hayward, whose fine batting for the Players was largely instrumental in securing the victory. In his second innings he made 123 not out.

For the Eton team W. N. Tod played by far the best cricket, his 77 in the first innings being a really fine attempt. Next to him J. J. Astor and E. F. Chinnery showed the best form, the first-named making 43, and the latter 40.

Though Eton saved the match, and deservedly so, through their pluck and nerve when those two qualities were most needed, the luck went their way at the finish, for had time permitted Harrow must have won. However, that does not detract from Eton's success in drawing the game, and there was a scene of wild enthusiasm in front of the pavilion when the stumps were pulled up.

The Warwickshire and Sussex match resulted in a draw. At their first attempt the Midland county scored 211, and the seasiders went a good deal better with 328. The second innings of Warwickshire yielded 356 for four wickets, Kinnear making a century, and T. S. Fishwick 86. For Sussex Relf and K. O. Goldie scored well in the second innings of their county, and the draw was a fairly even one.

Surrey's victory over Worcestershire was never in doubt. Against the bowling of Lees, Knox, and Nice the Westerners made a poor show in both innings, though Weldon is entitled to some credit for a capital innings of 70. Young N. A. Knox is coming along by leaps and bounds, and the day is not far distant when his claims will have to be considered for bigger matches than he has so far played in. In the game under notice he had the fine record of eleven wickets for 98 runs.

After having all the best of their match with Somerset, the Australians were unable to beat them. The game was particularly noteworthy for a fine innings of 303 by Armstrong, a century by Noble, and one each by Braund and Martyn for the home side. The Australians scored 609 for four wickets and declared. Somerset made 228 and 254 for four wickets.

Leicestershire made a very creditable draw with Notts at Trent Bridge, and every praise is due to them for their plucky uphill fight. They led off with a full total of 274, of which number R. Joyce scored 102 and Vivian Crawford 40. There were a couple of centuries on the Notts side, Iremonger making 130 and John Gunn 173.

ATHLETICS and CYCLING.

The chief event of the past week in the athletic world has been the Essex County Championships. Taking the great gathering at Chelmsford in what may be termed the order of merit, perhaps the best performance of the day was the win of J. A. Miller in the 100yds., who, running in the colours of the Woodford Lacrosse Club, won in decisive style in the fine time of 10½secs. The latter ran in the championship proper at Stamford Bridge, but he showed nothing like the form that was credited to him on the present occasion, and he must have come on a lot if the watch-holders are right.

The mile championship resulted in an easy win for W. G. Collins, of the Essex Beagles, who covered the eight furlongs in 4min. 41 4-5sec.—good time enough, but scarcely up to championship form. H. Yardley, (mile cycle), A. Ansell (100yds.), L. D. Drysdale (one mile flat), and F. W. Harmer (300yds. hurdles).

Scotland and Ireland met in friendly rivalry at Powderhall Grounds, Edinburgh, and the Scots gained a very easy victory by winning eight of the eleven events. Most of those who figured in the recent championships at Stamford Bridge were competing, but there was no performance of note, the times being exceptionally slow for the class.

LAWN TENNIS.

Since the championships were decided interest has been well kept up by the competition for the International ("Davis") Cup at Queen's Club, West Kensington, and two events in connection with the tournament—although one of them was not actually in the competition—stood out above all others up to the middle of this week. Last Saturday an "exhibition" was arranged in which R. F. and H. L. Doherty were opposed by Norman Brookes and A. W. Dunlop, of Australasia. The two Englishmen, to the general surprise, suffered defeat by 3 sets to 2, but they certainly were not at the top of their form, and perhaps the eulogistic remarks passed about the skill of the Colonials were rather overdrawn. The other notable event was the unexpected downfall of Brookes on Monday, when he succumbed to Wright, of the United States, by 3 sets to 1. Wright played overhead shots with consummate skill, while his service was splendid and his volleying admirable.

SWIMMING.

Following on the English victory in the King's Cup came another success over the Australian, B. B. Kieran, in the contest for the long-distance swimming championship last Saturday. Of the twenty-two entries only D. Billington and J. A. Jarvis (the holder) were, besides Kieran, considered to hold any chance of ultimate victory, and the race bore out the general anticipations. It was a splendid tussle for honours. Billington went off with the lead from Kew, and, swimming with his usual powerful over-arm stroke, he went so well that at one time he was 60yds. ahead of Kieran and Jarvis, who were close together between Chiswick and Hammersmith. Then the Australian began to leave Jarvis, who, by the way, had won the race for seven successive years previously, and until Putney Pier was nearly reached Billington seemed likely to be caught. But the Bacup man swam the race of his life and reached the winning post 5yds. ahead of Kieran in 1hr. 8min. 55secs. from the start. Jarvis was third—nearly a quarter of a mile behind the Australian. It was a grand race—the best in fact ever seen for the long-distance championship.

Photo, Foster.

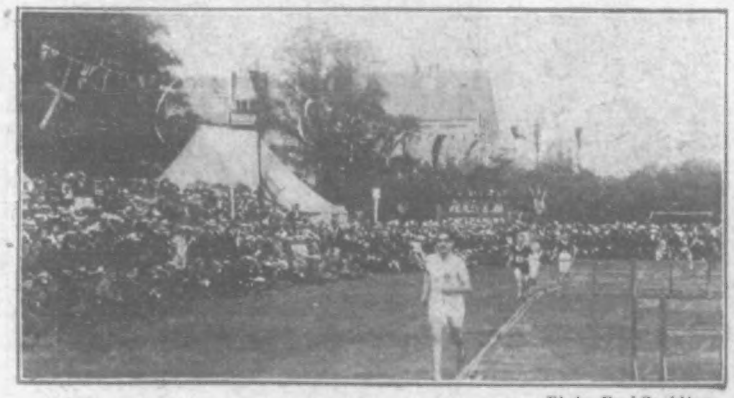
Gentlemen v. Players: P. Warner, who batted well for the Gentlemen, making top score in both innings. His side was beaten, however, by 149 runs.

Photo, Fred Spalding.

ESSEX COUNTY SPORTS: A general view of the course.

The Two Miles Walking Essex Championship was secured by T. O'Gorman, of the Essex Beagles. The winner has long been known as a good heel-and-toe performer, and won the event last year. On the present occasion his time was 15min. 17½secs. J. B. Taylorson again won the mile cycle championship of the eastern county. The winner, who is a member of the Beaumont C.C., covered the course in the rather slow time of 2min. 32½ secs. It is worthy of note that both of the holders retained their titles.

Besides the championships there were some interesting handicaps, and there was also the Atalanta Cup, a scratch race at three miles, in which Alfred Shrubb competed. The latter gave one of his best displays, and won almost as he liked in the fine time of 14min. 38 4-5sec. A scratch quarter of a mile went to L. J. de B. Reed in 51 2-5secs., and the chief winners in the handicap class were J. A. Hickling, Burnham C.C., was second, and L. J. L. Pullar, Highgate Harriers, third. A clubmate of the last named, F. J. Pavely, won the quarter of a mile, but here again the time was slow, as 52⅗sec. is a most ordinary performance nowadays.



Photo, Fred Spalding.

ESSEX COUNTY SPORTS: Shrubb winning the Atalanta Cup for the sixth time in succession.

A Spaniel in Action.

In one of the engagements round Mukden a Japanese lieutenant found a pretty little Pekinese spaniel wandering about between the two fires. It came to him when he whistled; it evidently belonged to some Russian officer, and was tame and affectionate. So he kept it. Once when the Japanese charged a Russian shelter trench successfully the little fellow could not keep up with his short legs and long coat, so with his sword in his right hand the lieutenant held the little creature panting under his left arm, and charged. The grave sergeant-major laughed, says the lieutenant, in a letter quoted by the *Times*.

The Kiss of Fellowship.

Judge Willis was the recipient of an embarrassing salutation at the meeting of the Baptist World's Congress. A delegate from France, who was very warmly welcomed, declared he was so happy that he could kiss every man he met. The judge, who presided, gave him the right hand of fellowship, but the enthusiastic Frenchman suited his action to his words, and imprinted a kiss on the judge's lips.

Gargantuan Festivities.

The great national banquet in Brussels to the burgomasters of the country in connection with the diamond jubilee of Belgian independence is to be of gargantuan dimensions. There will be required 15,500 plates, 6,700 forks, 4,500 knives, 7,500 glasses, 2,200 yards of table cloth, 3,000 serviettes, 150 boxes of carrots, two hundredweight of kidney beans and peas, 4,500 loaves, 400 fillets of beef, eight hundredweight of salmon, 350 fowls, seven hundredweight of game pie, eight hundredweight of dried plums, one hundredweight dessert, 1,450 bottles of Pomerol, 1,500 bottles of champagne, and 1,500 bottles of mineral water.

P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

New Ways with Old Acres.

The countries of the Continent seem able not only to supply the whole of their own wants, but to send over to us an enormus surplus of agricultural and dairy produce. Mr. Montefiore Brice points out in *Temple Bar* that they do this in spite of the fact that in several instances their soil and climate are inferior, their taxes higher, and their labour supply heavily tapped by conscription. How in spite of this, do they contrive to get so enormous an output from their acres? The answer to that question is contained in the word "method." They are employing on the Continent new methods, and methods very different from our own. They have found out that the isolated farmer is hampered and crippled at every turn. They have realised that the farmer stands—as the British farmer stands to day—on far too individualistic a platform. He is the prey of the trades that fatten on him. His produce is turned out intermittently, and as soon as he gains a market he loses it. Owing to his shipping that produce in comparatively small bulk, he pays carriage-rates out of all proportion to the value of the goods; and, owing to his purchasing machinery, provender, and seeds in comparatively small quantities, he pays retail prices for them. Scientific and cordial co-operation among British agriculturists would enable them to face the Continent and the world. Excessive individualism has had its day; a leaf must be taken from the book of temperate socialism: All our defects could be remedied by a combination of farmers—an association of producers—who would market in bulk and maintain between them such a continuous supply as to be able to make contracts to satisfy a continuous demand; who would put their goods on the rails not in parcels but in truck-loads, whereby the smallest producer would obtain the advantageous rate of the largest, who would buy in such bulk that they could make the smallest purchase at a wholesale price; who would, in short, avail themselves of all the benefits and all the strength which combination or co-operation, rightly organised, can always secure. Combination of this kind is the secret of the agricultural output of the Continent.

Photo, Park.

THE MORNING BATH: At the biggest swannery in Europe.

The Largest Swannery in Europe.

At Abbotsbury, a little village in Dorsetshire, not far from Weymouth, can be seen the largest swannery in Europe. It is nearly 1,000 years old, and the present owner is Lord Ilchester. The keeper places no restriction on the birds, they roam and fly about as they like. Although they are tame, in the breeding season you would meet with a warm reception should you venture near their nests. Their most powerful weapons are their wings, and the only way of securing the birds is to hold them by the wings. There are nearly 2,000 in the swannery at the present time. They are born fighters, and during the breeding season continual fighting takes place. The nests number 500, but very few cygnets ever reach the water after emerging from their shells on account of the murderous onslaught of the old birds from other nests.

On Wool.

The question put to me by a Nottingham reader concerning the various textures of wool was not an easy one to answer, but I found the information in that very useful publication "Black-faced Sheep," by Scott. Wools for commercial purposes are divided into short-stapled or carding wools, used for woollen cloths, and long-stapled or combing wools, used for worsted stuffs. The British breeds of sheep yield wools which are classified as long and short, or long and medium, but all, excepting a portion of the shorter kinds, are used for combing purposes. They are divided into two general classes: Long-stapled wools, which include the following:—(1) The Lincoln, obtained from what Youatt thinks may be considered the parent of the English long-woolled breeds, and is at least a good type of our deep-grown wools; it has a long, bright, silky staple, which makes it well suited for lustre goods, in imitation of mohair and alpaca textiles. (2) The Romney Marsh wool, also obtained from an ancient breed; like the Lincoln, it is somewhat coarse, but long, lustrous, and adapted for the same kind of goods. (3) The Leicester wool, which is now much better than that obtained in former years; although finer than the Lincoln in the staple, it is not so soft and silky, yet highly esteemed for combing purposes. (4) The Cotswold wool, which resembles the Leicester, but rather harsher. (5) The Black-faced breed yields what is rather a wool of middle length than long, yet it is usually classed with the long-stapled wools. In quality it varies much, according to the care bestowed upon it, but its general use is confined to rugs, carpets, and Scotch blankets. Short-stapled wools are principally furnished by the different breeds of Downs. These all possess the same general characters, so that any differences which do exist are owing more to soil and climate than to any particular variety of breed. (1) The South Down is a short-stapled wool, fine in the hair, but slightly harsh and brittle, of which the longer qualities are combed—*i.e.*, prepared for worsted yarns—and the shorter for making flannels and light woollen goods. (2) The Hampshire Down only differs from the last in being usually longer in the staple and somewhat coarser. (3) The Oxford Down is still longer and coarser. (4) The Shropshire has a longer and more lustrous staple than any of the other Down breeds, and is increasing in importance. (5) The Cheviot wool is of medium length, fine haired, and largely used for both worsted and woollen goods, fine cloths excepted.

The Dahlia.

No plant ever yielded more readily to the florist's art, skill, and intelligence than the dahlia, says a writer in the *Garden Home*. Continued selection has dwarfed the growth, so that the bushy habit of 3ft. to 4ft. makes the plant as stately as it is manageable. It has also improved in size and form, and the innumerable sorts are the glory of the borders towards the end of summer, and it stands quite unrivalled at that season. To obtain cuttings, the old roots are put into a state of growth early in the season, and the young shoots which spring from them are employed as cuttings. Some growers excite their dahlia roots as early as December or January, in a moist, warm atmosphere, and continue taking cuttings off them until a sufficient number of plants of the desired kind are obtained. The dahlia delights in a good soil, but it is often ruined by over-feeding, which induces a heavy growth of foliage, occupying a large part of the summer to produce. The flowers are profusely borne until the first frost of autumn comes along and cuts down the plant at the height of its beauty. Its flowers often fail to perfect themselves, chiefly owing to a dryness at the root, and it is surprising what a quantity of water a strong plant will absorb. It does not do to sprinkle a pint or so over the top. Rather take a long-pronged fork, and carefully work it into the soil all round the plants from 1ft. to 2ft. away, and soak the soil with soft water—say a couple of pailfuls to each plant, poured on gently to give it a chance to filter away. This should be done every other evening on dry soils, and less frequently on heavy soils, at the height of summer. Liquid manure is only required on poor soils when the plant has reached its full growth. The dahlia is an ornamental plant in its natural habit of growth, and does not need much hacking about. The fewer flowers permitted to perfect themselves on the branch, the stronger they will come; consequently, there should be no mistake in thinning the buds.

The Names of Flowers.

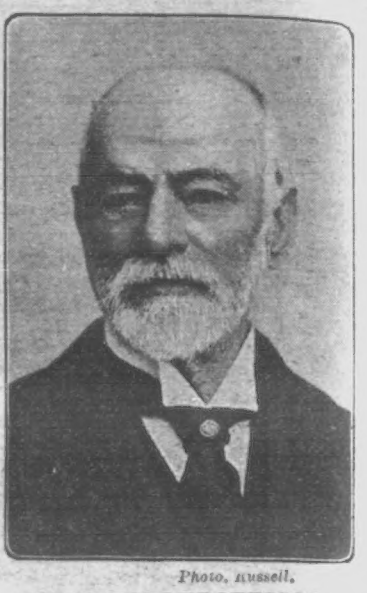
Mignonette, which in French means little darling, was so called because of its delicate fragrance. Pansy is the English form of another French word, *pensée*, meaning "thoughts," this representing the sentiments of the flower according to those who christened it so. The carnation owes its name to a Latin word meaning flesh—of course, in relation to its original colour. A word of the same language, signifying a crane, has provided the geranium with its name—this genus of flowers having a beak-like receptacle. Many flowers, of course, are named after their discoverers. Thus the camellia was named after G. J. Camelli, a German botanist, by whom it was introduced from the East into Europe. A Swedish botanist, Andrew Dahl, discovered a plant in Mexico which he named the dahlia, and from Mexico, too, came the fuchsia, brought into Europe by a man named Leonard Fuchs.

Profitable Goat-Farming—A New Industry.

It is a constant source of wonder to the few amateur goat-breeders in England that so profitable an industry as goat-farming has never been taken up on a large scale in agricultural districts. A writer in *Country Life* gives some hints on the subject. When starting goat-farming it would be wise to obtain the advice of an expert, as some breeds are much better milkers than others, he says. The Alpine or Swiss breed is the very best for this purpose, but the Spanish Murciennes are also excellent, giving in their own country as much as four quarts daily on very scanty food. Unfortunately, these are difficult to get in this country; but some English breed, or the Anglo-Nubian, can be obtained which will give a very fair result. Cold and rain are prejudicial to the health of the goats; they must be kept very clean, and if in confinement ought to be groomed every day with a hard brush. Stabling for goats is constructed on the same principle as that for horses, but on a very reduced principle. The butter obtained from goat's milk is a great delicacy; so also is the cheese, which, in a part of France called the Mont d'Or, is the principal industry of the country for miles around. The flesh of the kid is equal to lamb in every way; it can be prepared to suit all tastes, salted it will last for months, and in the mountains is a great resource. Two distinguished Frenchwomen have been successful in goat-breeding on a large scale. Mme. la Comtesse de la Boullaye, who has a very large herd, has created the industry of goat butter-making in Brittany; and the demand for this article has increased to such an extent that she cannot supply it in sufficient quantity to satisfy the market. Mme. Lepelletier, wife of the Deputy of Paris, has a unique herd of magnificent animals.

Some Poultry Points.

In reply to a correspondent, I may say that with a £300 or £400 capital, and a thorough knowledge of the business, it would be possible to make a living out of poultry farming. It is almost useless to divide it into branches, because no one branch will prove profitable throughout the year. For instance, in the utility line, new-laid eggs in winter, table chickens and stock eggs in spring, fowls and ducks in summer, and table poultry in autumn, will possibly prove the most remunerative, but the other branches must be kept going all the time. Winter laying is a matter of hatching rather than breed. Almost any pullets, if hatched during March and April, and well housed and fed, will commence in the late autumn, and lay regularly all through the winter. The former month is more suitable for the heavy or sitting breeds, as they require longer time in which to mature. Good or bad laying depends much on strain.



Photo, Russell.

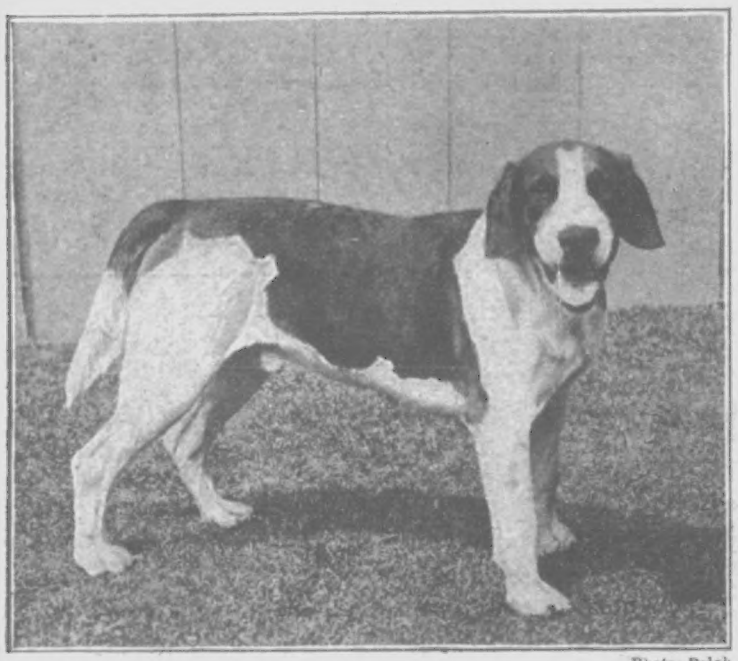
A FIGHTING PROFESSOR: Professor Montagu Burrows, R.N., who has just died. He saw a great deal of active service in the Navy and afterwards became Professor of Modern History at Oxford.

From a Snapshot.

IN A FRUIT-PICKERS' CAMP: Photo of a chimney-sweep and his family who spend every summer on a Kentish fruit farm. Notice the roughly-constructed hut in which they live.

On Roses.

The rose is propagated by seeds, cuttings, layers, and suckers (in the case of plants on their own roots), and by budding and grafting. Seed sowing is only had recourse to with a view to obtaining improved varieties. Early in October take off cuttings with a heel, that is, with a little of the old wood attached, and insert them 5in. or 6in. deep in the soil, in rows from 9in to 12in. asunder and about 2in. apart in the rows; making the soil firm about the bases of the cuttings in putting them in; choosing a border at the north side of a wall, hedge, or fence, and a light sandy soil as a rooting medium. Nine inches will be a good length for the cuttings. Where hand-glasses are to spare, place a few of them under a south or west wall early in October; place therein about 4in. deep of light loamy soil, with a surfacing of sand, and into this dibble the cuttings pretty close together, letting a little of the sand into the hole under and round the base of each cutting in putting them in to hasten the emission of roots, giving water to settle the soil. The following autumn the young rooted plants should be transplanted in good soil, potting up a few of the best if desired, to work up a stock of pot roses. Budding is the *modus operandi* generally followed in the perpetuation of the rose, and many choice trees (including fruit trees) and shrubs as well. The stocks employed for standards are the dog-rose, taken from the hedgerows early in winter, trimmed at the roots, and beheaded, leaving stems varying from 2ft. to 4ft. high, these briers being planted in rows about 4ft. asunder and 6in. apart in the row.



Photo, Belak.

CHAMPION HOUND "HARPER" at the Peterborough Show: "Harper" belongs to the celebrated Fitzwilliam pack.

Photo, Park.

A JOCKEY'S HOBBY: Tom Cannon's Prize Sheep.

A TERRIBLE TALE OF THE SEA: A negro secreted himself on the schooner "Olympia," and murdered all the passengers and crew, save one, for the sake of £250. For the solitary survivor, Miss Morgan, the wretch evidently reserved a fate worse than death. He scuttled the ship, and then made the girl enter a boat. It was early morning when the boat left the sinking vessel. Despite the fate of the other women, whom the man had shot and thrown overboard, Miss Morgan still retained her presence of mind, and resolved to make a fight for liberty. She took up an oar wherewith to defend herself. Immediately the negro shot her, the bullet striking her in the arm. She then jumped overboard and swam away. Finally, Miss Morgan, who swam ashore, was found in a small wood, almost naked, and nearly mad with suffering. For further details see page 35.

THE BRITISH FLEET AT BREST: Some amusing sketches by our special artist.

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

A scheme is afoot in which actors, authors, and managers are working in cordial co-operation. This is for the establishment of what is to be known as "Actors' Day." The idea, which has enlisted the warm support of Mr. Tree, Mr. Bourchier, Mr. Cyril Maude, and others, is to do away with all performances for theatrical charities by handing over all theatre takings, all authors' fees, all actors' salaries, at every theatre in the United Kingdom on April 13—"Actors' Day" to a committee under the auspices of the Actors' Association. The scheme has already been endorsed by eleven hundred signatures.

Mr. Martin Harvey, who is at present making an extra big hit in "The Breed of the Treshams" at the Lyric Theatre, hopes, I hear, to produce a new play by Marion Crauford in January next, after his autumn tour. It is a domestic piece of tragic interest, and will be entitled "Lord Wenleigh's Ward."

Other new plays which will shortly be produced in London are: "The School for Husbands," which will be presented next autumn at the old Adelphi by Miss Jessie Milward, a charming actress, with whom playgoers will all be pleased to renew their acquaintance. "The Firm of Cunningham," a play which has already had huge success at the New York Madison-square Theatre, will be produced next spring in London by Miss Hilda Spong, who has secured the English rights.

August 2 is the date settled upon for the production at Wyndham's Theatre of "What the Butler Saw," the three-act comedy by Judge Parry and Mr. F. Mouillot. The action of the play takes place at a hydro-establishment, and the plot is upon the question of whether a married man who is taking the rest cure should pose as a bachelor or not. The cast, I am told, will include Miss Minnie Terry, Mr. Frederick Volpé, Mr. Edmund Gwenn, Mr. Charles Lowne, Mr. Graham Brown, and Mrs. Mouillot.

Mr. Esmé Percy, "the boy Romeo," who recently achieved wonderful success at the Royalty Theatre, as Shakespeare's love-lorn hero, has produced the play at Derby for Mr. Ian Maclaren, and repeated his success in the part. This young and interesting beginner, with his handsome face and keen appreciation of his work, deserves every encouragement and support.

In "Motoring" at the Oxford Music-hall, and "Fishing" at the Tivoli, Harry Tate proves himself one of our best comedians, and in my opinion is as nearly as possible on a par with the late Dan Leno. His turns are absolutely free from the inanities of the average comedian, and we recognise the points of his humour quickly because they are real incidents of everyday life presented by a man who knows how to emphasise the funny aspect thereof.

Another good turn at the Oxford is that presented by the Dunedin troupe of cyclists, an amazing company of performers from the Antipodes. Of all the music-hall trick cyclists the Dunedins stand out as the most unique and daring. From beginning to end their performance is an absolute defiance of the laws of gravity and one which keeps the audience on the tiptoe of expectation that an accident is sure to happen. But that accident never does occur; the Dunedins know their business too well.

There was a remarkable house on July 12 for Mlle. Bauermeister's benefit at Covent Garden, which took place under the patronage of the King and Queen, and was attended by most of the subscribers. Mme. Melba arranged the benefit, and sold more than half the tickets, and the net profit is expected to come to over £1,000. Princess Ena of Battenberg, charmingly pretty in white, and her cousin, Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, in pink, were with a party in a double box; Princess Henry of Pless was wearing mauve and blue, with a picture hat; the Duchess of Portland wore touches of blue with a black dress; the Duchess of Roxburghe, all in white, came with Lady Evelyn Innes-Ker. The Duchess of Wellington was also present. Countess De Grey brought Viscountess Castlereagh, and a few others to be seen were the Countess of Londesborough, Lady Savile, in pale pink, Lady Cynthia Graham, the Marchioness of Tweeddale, Lady Maud Warrender, and Consuelo Duchess of Manchester. It was very pathetic—this farewell of Mlle. Bauermeister to the Royal Opera House, the scene of so many triumphs. At the conclusion of the second act of "Romeo et Juliette" the curtain went up and disclosed Mlle. Bauermeister in her grey frock of everyday life, surrounded with flowers and plunged in tears. Mme. Melba affectionately patted her on the shoulder, but the tears would come, and a fresh one dropped for every floral tribute offered.

English playgoers will regret to hear that the performance of "La Dame aux Camelias," at the Waldorf Theatre on July 13, was not only the final appearance of Mme. Duse this season, but, as has been officially announced, the last time the distinguished actress will play in London. It was in the summer of 1893 that Eleonora Duse first appeared in England. She was then entirely unknown in this country, but after the first performance it was immediately recognised that she was an actress of the very highest order. Some critics even placed her before Sarah Bernhardt. She was born in the little Italian town of Vigevano, of poor theatrical parents, and she grew up among the hardships of a wandering actor's life. Although she played a part almost as soon as she could speak, she was thought stupid as a child, and it was not until she was twenty-four that she showed signs of remarkable gifts.

Photo, Johnston & Hoffmann.

THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MISS JANET ALEXANDER, the talented young actress.

Photo, Foulsham & Banfield.

MISS OLIVE MORRELL, now playing in "The Spring Chicken" at the Gaiety Theatre, London.

Mr. Alan Dale, the dramatic critic of the *New York American*, has been paying London a visit, and called upon, among others, Mr. William Collier, whose "Dictator" at the Comedy Theatre has been the delight of the metropolis this season. Comparing American with English audiences, Mr. Collier was kind enough to say that in London the people encourage the actor more, and their applause is more spontaneous. New Yorkers seem to say "We dare you to make us laugh."

"As for saying that Londoners are slow to catch on to a joke—I can't appreciate the force of the remark," Mr. Collier declared. "I haven't found it so. They seemed to me to bubble at 'The Dictator,' and every member of my company found the same thing. Humour, of course, is a bit different here, and English comedians have methods unlike ours.

"An English comedian approaches his joke deliberately. You can smell the joke before it arrives. He leads up to it rather obviously, and then waits. He calls it making a point. They have criticised me because at the joke moment I turn aside, and let it take its own course, proceeding in the meantime with my business. That is the difference between the English and American method. I noticed it particularly in the case of Huntley, who is awfully funny.

"Fifteen years ago," remarked Mr. Collier, "I came to London with the Daly company. I was 'Master' Willie then, and the call-boy in the company. I played a small part in the Induction of 'The Taming of the Shrew.' But I never saw London. I spent my entire time in the theatre. That's why it's all so new to me now, and I'm enjoying it all so hugely."

WOMAN AND HER CRITICS

Learns by Experience.

A man is often made by the number of jilts he receives. He rises on stepping-stones of mittens to a higher knowledge of what he wants.—Miss Cally Ryband in *New York American*.

Short-Sighted Heroines.

I know of no heroine whom the novelist has endowed with a pince-nez. Why are glasses in literature so incompatible with romance in a woman while they never damage a man?—Mrs. John Lane in the *Outlook*.

Idle Industry.

We women are adepts of the idle industries because our time is of no earthly consequence. Think of the miles of lace we crochet, the impossible embroideries we make, the countless odds and ends we construct, of no earthly use except to catch dust.—Mrs. Lane in *Fortnightly Review*.

Summer Girls' Rights.

Why should girls deny themselves the innocent pleasure of making men friends at the seaside, which, after all, is like taking a trip on an ocean liner, where everyone makes friends with everyone, knowing well that those friendships are immediately dropped at the end of the journey?—"A Frenchwoman" in *Woman*.

The Newest Woman.

The hand that rocked the cradle (and by so doing, we were optimistically assured, ruled the world) has become so expert with the golf-club that the time that was spent in the nursery is now passed on breezy golf links. The fingers that used to soothe and caress the babies have now the more exciting occupation of dealing cards.—Ella Hepworth Dixon in the *Lady's Pictorial*.

The Invaluable Hairpin.

Anthropologists have never done justice to the hairpin. Dullards will tell you that women aren't so inventive as men, don't take out so many patents. They don't have to. With a hairpin a woman can pick a lock, pull a cork, see if a joint of meat is done, do up a baby, regulate a range, tinker a sewing-machine, stop a leak in the roof, stir batter, whip cream, reduce the pressure in the gas meter, keep bills and receipts on file, tighten windows, clean a watch, untie a knot, put up awnings, doctor an automobile. In short, she can do what she wants to; she needs no other instrument.—*Sun*, New York.

Too Grand to Work.

The young girl nowadays does not know how to cook and to keep house. She can play the piano; she can discuss the latest novels; she can manicure her nails, or at least superintend the manicuring. But such coarse and low work as cookery, dusting, dish-washing, she neither can do nor can bear even to think of. "I never go into my kitchen," says she. "I don't believe in interfering with the servants." Not all young girls. Fortunately for the future of the nation, the race, the world, very few of us are rich enough to be able to rise to such grandeur and luxury and soulfulness. But why do the super-refined mothers never reflect on the fact that it is the sons of the "soulless" mothers that carry off most of the prizes of life, that it is the daughters of those same mothers that make the most contented, useful marriages?

"Mirandy" on Family Government.

It's mighty easy to set up and talk about a man managing his wife, but I spects de man whut laid down dat law is a ole bachelor, an' ain't never tried it. Caze managing a wife is lak driving a mule. Ef she wants to go straight, she'll do it, an' ef she wants to lay back her years an' back, she's gwine to do dat, an' de man can't help it eider way. Yassum, its mighty easy for a man to manage a wife ef she wants to be managed, but ef she don't he's wastin' time an' trubble tryin' to, an' de bes' thing he can do is to get so fur away from her he can't hear de sound of her voice. But so fur as dis thing of being de head of de house goes, I don't see dat a man is got any more call to rule de roost dan a woman has. Let de one wear de breeches dat dey fits de best, is my motto. An' I aint tellin' who is got um on in our fambly.—Dorothy Dix in the *New York Journal*.

Petticoat Philosophy.

Man's life is but a working day
Whose tasks are set aright:
A time to work, a time to pray,
And then a quiet night.
—Christina Rossetti.

* * *

The brave man is not he who feels no fear,
For that were stupid and irrational;
But he whose noble soul its fear subdues
And bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from. —Joanna Baillié.

* * *

Hopes have precarious life.
They are often blighted, withered, snapped sheer off
In vigorous growth and turned to rottenness. —George Eliot.

* * *

Men, upon the whole,
Are what they can be—nations, what they would. —E. B. Browning.

* * *

Strength is born
In the deep silence of long-suffering hearts;
Not amidst joy. —Felicia Hemans.

* * *

Custom makes all things easy, and content
Is careless. —Jean Ingelow.

* * *

A woman has a few years wherein to own beauty and many wherein she lacks it.—Mme. Deshoulières.

* * *

No soul is desolate as long as there is a human being for whom it can feel trust and reverence. — George Eliot.

* * *

It requires much pensive courage and strength to resist, and in some cases to overcome, evil. But it requires more—it needs bravery and self-reliance and surpassing faith to act out the true inspiration of your intelligence, and the true impulses of your heart.—Mrs. Jameson.

Photo, Advance Agency.

LADY KINNOULL'S CRÈCHE: The first arrival.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Husbands and their Wives' Relatives.

Does the husband lean more towards his wife's relatives than towards his own? This question opens up an interesting and curious field of study and investigation, and the probability is that the answer, in the majority of cases, will be in the affirmative.

There is nothing very surprising in this. A man who is really in love with his wife quite naturally and unconsciously does all in his power to show his affection by doing those things which will please her, and attention to her relatives is one of those acts which gains her favour.

It may be urged that the wife acts in a similar manner towards her husband's relatives, but this is not so certain—a statement which must not be taken as a disparagement of womankind. It is quite in accordance with the nature of things that a woman should receive more attention than she gives; it is her privilege to receive this attention, just as it is the husband's privilege to give it. It follows, therefore, that she does not do so much for his side of the family as he does for hers.

Much depends upon the kind of man, it is true. He may be of a masterful disposition, which will tend to make him take an impartial view of both sides, but is rather calculated to make him think more of his own side than of his wife's. Suffering, or exceptional good fortune on one side or the other, is apt to influence the turn of events.

These may be taken as exceptions to a general rule. If the readers of this journal will reflect on the matter as it concerns their own friends and relatives, it is highly probable that they will arrive at the same conclusion as the writer. In any case, it is a study in human nature that will not prove profitless.

It is well to take into consideration the character of the man and the circumstances of each case; it has even been said by some people that a husband's conduct towards his wife may be determined by noting this fact; but this is, perhaps, going a little too far

The Value of Humour.

It is a curious commentary on the conditions of modern life that it is the "funny" individual who is most in request. As a general rule it is not too much to say that it is the comic singer who makes the most money in his particular profession; the low comedian, as the humorous actor is usually designated, reaps more of the golden harvest, and enjoys a greater popularity, than the tragedian; the lighter journals and newspapers have a larger circulation than the solid, heavy publications. Why?

The most plausible explanation is that modern life is quite full enough of worries and tears without adding to the stock of such disagreeable commodities by going to a theatre to be harrowed by similar experiences portrayed in mimicry. Some people may be able to say, with the mythical young lady: "We did enjoy the performance; we cried all the evening!" The majority, however, are satisfied with the crying they are forced to do, and do not care to pay in order to indulge in further weeping. The "lighter vein" of journalism is preferred by the same majority because it affords relaxation.

The man or woman who can interest you by relating a good story, of personal experience or otherwise, with a hearty laugh in it, holds the circle of acquaintances at a party. True, some of the so-called "funny" persons degenerate into something approaching the idiotic, but these we will leave out of the question. A day passed without a hearty laugh is a day lost!

What is the obvious moral of this statement of facts? It is a moral peculiarly important to our sex. It is: Use every endeavour to be cheerful; the example of a wife, mother, or sister in a household is of far greater value than most people suppose. Life is beset with worries great and small; and a multitude of small, constantly-recurring worries will do more mischief than one great trouble.

Let it be your task to chase away the effects of the vexatious happenings, and induce a smile when the family reassembles in the evening! And if you can make that smile develop into a laugh now and then, do not fail to seize the opportunities. You will be administering a wonderful tonic to your dear ones

It comes rather hard on a woman, who has her own worries, to crowd those aside and assume a cheerful demeanour in order to smooth away the frown on the man's brow. Why not reverse the advice and tell him to put on a cheerful air in order to make his wife happy? Well, to put it plainly, a woman is apt to be less selfish in this respect than a man! He usually thinks that he has had all the trouble and that she has only had "to keep house going," which is generally a mere trifle in his eyes. Take no notice of this, but do your utmost to induce gaiety into the home life, and you will find your cheerfulness will become catching. The force of good example is wonderful! You will find that cheerfulness and quiet humour form a splendid investment in the home circle.

Nerves Affected by Colours.

Few people seem to realise the really strong effect that their colour surroundings have on their temperament. It is a great mistake to live in rooms papered with dark wall-papers; they may be economical from the point of view of not showing the dirt, but they are really most disastrous to the spirits.

A warm yellow or a good rose-pink looks cheerful, and reminds one of sunny days, whilst a pretty green, not too vivid in tint, suggests the delicate hues of spring. A paper covered with a large pattern in dark colourings somehow seems to lend a gloomy effect to even the largest room, whilst there are certain schemes of colouring that hurt the eyes and tire one to look at.

It may interest my readers to know that green papers have the reputation of fading sooner than any others, whilst blue becomes a dirty sort of green if exposed to the sun, pink a terra-cotta, and yellow a sort of whitey-brown. None of them very attractive, perhaps, in this stage, but, on the whole, I think a faded pink is the least depressing shade.

What is Your Nose Like?

This question is not impertinent, for it is asked solely in your interest, and you may answer it to yourself. Still, the question is one to be considered, for on the shape of your nose should depend the style of your dress.

Costumiers always know that the nose has to be reckoned with in gowning a woman properly. If it be strongly characteristic, the dress may be the same, especially if face and bearing indicate pride and independence

The girl or woman with a slightly "tip-tilted" nose and laughing, mischievous eyes looks well with all sorts of fluffiness in the way of trimmings, a variety of tints, and sharply contrasting colours; her costume should not in the least smack of severity, but should have an air of the most picturesque carelessness about it.

Thus, you see, we have the two extremes—austerity and coquetry—and the medium would be quiet and simple elegance, either costly or inexpensive, according to the individual means and tastes.

Good Luck for the Bride.

Every bride, if she would have good luck, wears on her wedding day, "something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue," and she must beware of fastening any of her attire with pins. She knows also that she should avoid trying on beforehand any of the garments which are to be worn at her marriage.

If the wedding cake be made at home, the bride should have no hand in the making of it; she should not even touch any of the ingredients.

On her wedding day she should avoid meeting her bridegroom till she meets him in the church. She should, if possible, go to the church by one road, and return from it by another.

If the chief bridesmaid wears the bride's engagement ring during the marriage ceremony, it is said that she will be married before a year has passed.

Home, Sweet Home.

People are often very fond of sentimentalising about "Home, sweet home," but yet apparently take little or no trouble to make their homes sweet. Home is especially the woman's province, and while her husband provides the material comforts for it, it is her duty and privilege to create its special atmosphere of peace and love. It is the little things, the often "unconsidered trifles," which constitute the happy home, which should be a woman's chief care. To make that home attractive she should be as mindful of all sorts of little details as she used to be of the prettiness of her toilette in the old courting days, when she was so anxious to be pleasing in the eyes of her lover.

Pretty flowers on the table, a spotlessly clean cloth, nicely prepared food, and herself smartened up for the evening, smiling her joy at having him at home, will compensate her husband for all the trials and worries of the day.

All this may, and probably will, demand some self-sacrifice on the wife's part, for she, too, has had her trials. She has been as busy in her home, very likely, as he at his office, but still, however much she is tempted to pour out her troubles to him, she will be rewarded for her self-control if she holds them back.

A pleasant word from her will go a long way to make him forget how tired and harassed he feels, and by the time he has been refreshed with food in the restful atmosphere of home he will be able to give her the sympathy she wants in whatever is troubling her.

Some homes are full of sunshine and happiness, and others with the reverse. This is not simply the result of riches or poverty, but of character. Love is the foundation on which home is built—love between man and wife, parents and children; but love must be cultivated. Selfishness is the destroyer of love, and if self be allowed to get the upper hand, then sweet temper and patience will soon give way to irritability and hardness, and home will cease to be sweet.

Home is largely what we women make it, so if it be not happy, let us look for the fault in ourselves before looking further afield.

Pot au Feu.

Required: One pound gravy beef, threepennyworth of bones, three quarts of water, a stick of celery, a leek, a carrot, two onions, bunch of sweet herbs, six peppercorns, three cloves, three allspice.

Cut the meat in small pieces and place in a stew-pan, add the bones and water. Place the herbs and spices in a small piece of muslin, add to the other ingredients, and bring all to the boil. Skim very carefully, for this ensures the clearness of the soup. Next add the vegetables, washed and cut small. Simmer all for six hours, strain, season to taste, and serve with slices of French roll soaked in it. The bones and meat should be put on again to simmer for stock.

Savoury Macaroni.

Required: Half a pound of macaroni, three-quarters of a pint of thickened gravy, one ounce of butter, half an ounce Parmesan cheese, pepper and salt.

This is a very savoury dish, with or without meat, and is liked by many with kidneys or cold meat. Throw the macaroni into salted boiling water, and drain it before it is quite cooked. In a clean saucepan have the gravy made hot; add the macaroni gradually, stirring it gently with the handle end of a wooden spoon. Let it simmer gently for half an hour, shaking constantly to prevent its sticking to the pan. By degrees stir in the grated cheese, and at the last finish with an ounce of butter, cut up in little pieces; serve very hot, with grated cheese scattered over. If kidneys are served with this dish they should be grilled; place them on the top of the macaroni, and scatter chopped parsley over all.

Photo, Lallie Charles.

MISS DOROTHY EDWARDES, daughter of Mr. George Edwardes.

Photo, Clarke and Hyde.

LADY KINNOULL'S HOXTON CRÈCHE for the Children of Working Women, opened last week: A scene in the nursery.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught at the Royal Normal School for the Blind at Norwood.

Curried Fish.

Plaice, haddock, or any inexpensive white fish is required for this dish. Take two pounds of this fish and the meat of a small lobster or a handful of shrimps. Place an ounce of dripping in a saucepan, add to it a large, finely sliced onion, and two chopped apples, and fry till nicely coloured. Then add a pint of stock or water and a dessertspoonful of curry-powder with a tablespoonful of peaflour and make into a paste with cold water. Stir this till the sauce is quite smooth and cooked, then add the fish cut into squares and simmer slowly at the side of the fire for three-quarters of an hour. A quarter of an hour before serving add the shrimps or lobster cut into small pieces and the juice of a lemon. The sauce should be thick enough to adhere to the fish, and, if necessary, a little more peaflour may be added to produce this effect. Serve in an entrée dish garnished with parsley and slices of lemon, and some nicely boiled rice on a napkin in a separate dish.

Sponge Cake.

Beat the white of six eggs on a plate with the back of a knife for twenty minutes. Then place the froth in a basin, add three quarters of a pound of caster sugar, the yolks of eggs well beaten; beat well together, then gradually dust in eight ounces of flour, flavour with essence of ratifia or vanilla. Pour into a tin lined with greased paper and bake an hour. Ornament when cold with a layer of chocolate or lemon icing.

To Wash Black Satin.

Take the white of one egg, four ounces of honey, and a wineglassful of gin. Blend these ingredients thoroughly, and then wash the satin with the mixture, using a rather hard little brush. Next rinse it well in cold water, leave it to drain, and, while still quite damp, iron on the wrong side.

Copper Kettles.

To clean a copper kettle, fill it with very hot water, and rub it with very sour milk, or better still, butter-milk. Afterwards dry and polish with a leather. Kettles cleaned in this manner once or twice a week will always keep bright and new-looking.

To Clean Pipes.

Lavatory pipes may be cleansed of soap and slime by leaving a good handful of common salt in the basin over night. The salt will gradually dissolve, and the first flush of water in the morning will clear the pipe.

To Lengthen a Child's Frock.

To lengthen a child's frock make use of the fashion of insertion. For summer or evening wear a couple of rows of lace insertion will be very effective, and will probably make the frock wearable till it is quite worn out. Sew the edges of the insertion on close together, then cut the material behind, and the skirt will drop to the width of the insertion. In case of a flounced dress, wide tape can be inserted in the same way, the surface afterwards being made neat with a strip of the dress material.

A thrilling tale of the invasion of England by the Germans, aided by an alien rising in London.

THE ENEMY IN OUR MIDST.

By WALTER WOOD.

A MOMENTOUS DEVELOPMENT.

"It is indeed comforting to hear your Majesty speak like this," remarked the Chancellor, uneasily.

"And why should it be otherwise?" demanded the Emperor sharply.

"Because, as your Majesty is aware, a somewhat regrettable check has been received by the First Active Fleet."

There was a pause while the Chancellor watched the effect of his words, for the Emperor had not yet been informed of the real truth concerning the naval battle. Only the most hopeful features of the struggle had been placed before him.

"My ships," said the Emperor proudly, "even if damaged, as I am told some of them are, will return to the home waters and defend them. That will be enough. And they will suffice to convoy reinforcements across the North Sea if necessary."

"That is true, your Majesty," said the Chancellor, "but it may occur to your Majesty's mind that, despite our losses, we have still many swift ocean steamers left, and that some of them, for a short voyage, will carry ten thousand troops each. Such a body could be sent unescorted, and if, by an unhappy fate, the vessel should be lost——"

He paused abruptly, with a slight shrug of the shoulders.

"And from so vast an army," said the Emperor, "how could even ten thousand men affect the total? That is what you mean?"

"It is my point exactly, your Majesty," the Chancellor replied.

"We have begun," continued the Emperor, "and as we have started, so we must continue. A tree is felled by striking long enough at one place and following up the opening blow. Our first blow has been struck, and so long as we can get troops across the water they shall be sent. Every regiment that is landed is of incalculable power—and I myself will inspire it with my speech before it sails."

"And it will be enough, your Majesty, if one regiment lands out of every ten that are sent?" pursued the Chancellor.

"Yes," the Emperor agreed still complacently, "for in my kingdom life is cheap and is willingly sacrificed for the glory of the Fatherland. It cannot be otherwise, because we are the salt of the earth. And all this is possible through the efforts I have made to secure that there shall be no interference with my plans. The struggle will be one between the two nations and the two nations only."

The Emperor turned away from the group of soldiers and diplomatists with whom he had been speaking, and made as if he would leave the room.

As he did so there was a sudden movement at the door and a messenger entered almost unceremoniously and advanced to the side of the Imperial Chancellor.

He whispered swiftly in his ear, then rigidly straightened himself as the Emperor abruptly turned and noticed his presence.

For a moment the Emperor waited, with flushed face, for some communication from the Chancellor, but none was volunteered. He strode angrily towards the Minister. "You have news?" he said curtly. "Come, what is it?"

The Chancellor murmured something which might have been an excuse or an apology.

The impatient and angry monarch spoke again in a high voice. "Come," he said sternly. "What is it that you have heard? I command you to tell me!"

"Your Majesty," replied the Chancellor evasively, "there are many wild rumours at a time like this which are unworthy of credence. And statements are made which are not to be distinguished from rumours. To-morrow——"

"Let me hear now!" exclaimed the Emperor furiously. "What is it? Who dare keep anything back, however trifling? There is one lord and master over Germany, and only one! And that is the Emperor!" His face flushed deeper as he spoke.

"I am but a servant and must obey," said the Chancellor in a low voice. "Since my master bids me, I will speak, but I would rather die than tell him the news which has been just brought to me—and to me only first, so that it could be sifted and proved before being told to your Majesty. Our neighbours across the frontier——"

"Our French neighbours?" broke in the Emperor, eagerly.

The Chancellor bowed acquiescence and continued. "Have followed our own lead."

He paused significantly.

The Emperor turned pale. "You mean?" he began.

"I mean, your Majesty," replied the Chancellor gravely, "that they also have begun hostilities without declaring war!"

"Then," vowed the Emperor, trembling with passion, "I will never rest until I am forcing peace in Paris! And it will not be such a peace as we allowed before! I will crush them as a nation! They shall feel the heel of the War Lord of the World!"

"Meanwhile, your Majesty," said the Chancellor softly, with a flash of malice in his downcast eyes, "they have swooped on one of our frontier posts!"

"Yes," said the Emperor. He tried bravely to face the heaviest blow that had been struck to his nation since he ascended the throne.

"They have captured the post and destroyed the garrison!" added the Imperial Chancellor.

"They have dared!" murmured the Emperor. "They! The French! The beaten nation!"

"Your Majesty," murmured the Imperial Chancellor boldly, "as we have done to others, so they have done to us! That is a message which has been sent to us."

No man dared to break that awful silence or to address the raging and astounded monarch.

Suddenly the Emperor faced the Imperial Chancellor. "Tell me," he said, in a changed voice. "Is this all?"

"They say, your Majesty," answered the Chancellor, "that the ardent dream of the French people has been realised at last."

"Yes," the Emperor replied, almost in a whisper. "And that is——"

"A Napoleon has arisen to lead them, your Majesty."

"And he is?"

"An Englishman, your Majesty!"

VOLUNTEER SEA-DOGS.

"Chronic!" exclaimed Grenville. "Why, God bless my soul, man! Do you know that this has never happened before?"

"It'll never 'appen again neither, I hope," said the skipper. "The Navy ought to take good care on that point. I've seen a fair lot of Government boats, an' I believe in 'em. I should ha' believed in 'em more if there had been some of 'em with us on t' Dogger when that Baltic Fleet ran amuck."

"You were in that affair?" asked Grenville eagerly.

"Yes, I was in it," replied the skipper. "We all were. It was a bit of a bellyful, when you come to think of it."

"And you don't love the Russians who did it?"

"I don't hate 'em," replied the skipper. "You see, I don't think they were at t' bottom of it."

"Ah!" observed Grenville.

"No," continued the skipper. "I think 'at when they fired on us they were doin' somebody else's dirty work. You understand?"

"I think so," answered Grenville. "You mean——" He paused significantly.

"Yes," said the skipper bluntly. "I mean them 'at's made a swoop, as you say, on England. By gum! When you begin to think about it, it doesn't bide lookin' at, does it? An' it's really true 'at they've got into England?"

"Too true," said Grenville. "They've got in, and, my good skipper, they've laid half the countryside in ruins! Englishmen have been butchered, and Englishwomen and children——"

"Stop!" thundered the skipper. "Why, I'd go mad if I thought 'at anything had gone wrong to me an' mine, an' I hadn't been about to look after 'em. Lads!" he exclaimed passionately, turning and addressing his crew, "what are we to do? Here we are wi' a grand cargo o' fish, an' a famine market, an' we can't get in to sell it. Every port in England, they say, is mined an' blocked an' held by these foreign devils. Why, it's enough to drive a man crazy to think of it! What's to be done?"

"Let's make a shot for Grimsby," advised the mate. "We ought to ha' done that to begin with. It couldn't ha' been worse nor this."

"That's what we'll do," announced the skipper. "Yes, young gentleman," he added, addressing Grenville "that's the move. We'll make a dash for Grimsby! The fish won't be as fresh as it might be when we land it; but people won't sniff at a time like this. An' as for the price! Why, there's a fortune in this catch for all of us? You needn't look like that, sir. We're all alike, an' when we can make a bit we're goin' to make it. But I hope to God the missus an' the childer are all right! Now, sir, will you go back to your ship?"

"No," replied Grenville curtly. "My good skipper," he went on, "you'll not have to make a dash for Grimsby. You will have to be like the rest of us."

"But I will go to Grimsby," declared the skipper. "Who's goin' to stop me?"

"Well," Grenville intimated quietly, "if it comes to that, we are."

"And who's we?" asked the skipper, with growing wrath.

"The British Navy," said Grenville.

Photo, Lallie Charles.

A CHARMING STUDY OF MISS MILLIE LEGARDE, now playing in "The Little Michus" at Daly's Theatre.

Photo, Johnston & Hoffman.

MISS LILY ELSIE, now playing in "The Little Michus" at Daly's Theatre, London.

"The British Navy be——" The skipper was saying cholerically, when Grenville checked him by raising his hand.

"Don't finish it," said he. "You don't mean it—not at a time like this."

"I want to see my wife!" persisted the skipper.

"I want to see mine," observed Grenville. "So do a lot of us. But we can't—not just yet. Now, listen, skipper. The harder we fight and the closer we stick together the sooner this terrible business will be over. You follow me there?" He spoke as if he addressed a great simple child; and in truth the skipper was in reality that. Grenville had an irresistible way with him. He was famous for winning the affection and devotion of his fellow-creatures, especially subordinates and inferiors.

"Well, then," said the skipper stubbornly. "If I can't get at the missus an' childer just now, what about the fish? I tell you, that's beginnin' to bother me. I'm in on a share principle, an' if I can make a bit honestly I'm goin' to do it. That's all right, isn't it?"

"I see nothing wrong in it," admitted Grenville.

"Well, anyway," persisted the skipper, "it's no worse nor some of the things they did in the South African War. I read the papers a bit, an' some of 'em seemed to do pretty tidy out of stores an' things. They wouldn't," he added grimly, "if I'd had the handling o' matters, an' a bit o' rope an' a gun 'andy, for the man 'at goes on the make out o' his fellow-creatures' lives ought to be—to be—well, upon my soul, I think he ought to be crucified!"

"But what about your fish?" asked Grenville.

"Dash it!" declared the skipper, "that's different surely! If I thought it wasn't I'd 'eave every blessed trunk overboard!"

"Come now," said Grenville. "I knew I was not mistaken in you. I knew you were one of the right sort. That fish isn't going to Grimsby, but, all the same, you aren't going to lose on it."

"Well, then, if I can't run to Grimsby with it an' can't get into London River—what can I do?" asked the skipper in bewilderment. "We've been away a month, an' we've got a big lot o' fish 'at would fetch a clear thousand pound even in a pretty pinched market; but with such a grub famine as there must be now, why——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Grenville impatiently. "I recognise all that. Well, the proposal I'm going to make is that you should go up the river with us!"

"Like a bird!" exclaimed the skipper. "If you can give me a shove into London market, young gentleman, well, I hope you won't be offended; but you won't lose. My company 'ud see to that—an' if they didn't—I would."

"What's your draught?" asked Grenville, ignoring the remark, but by no means offended.

"Well," answered the skipper, "a bit more nor them little slinkin' ships o' yours. An' yours is about eight feet, isn't it?"

"Yes. Do you know anything of the river?" asked Grenville eagerly.

"I ought to," replied the skipper. "I was mate of a carrier runnin' between the Thames an' the Fleets on the Dogger for a good few years. That's why I determined to come to London. I was goin' to get a pilot at Gravesend."

"You would have been blown to bits by guns or mines if you'd tried," Grenville assured him.

"Well, then," asked the skipper; "what's the good o' wastin' time in talkin'? If I can't get up, you can't, an' that settles it."

"But I am going to get up," said Grenville.

"Oh!" remarked the skipper. "An' what for?"

"Because I'm ordered," answered Grenville. "Now the idea I have in mind is that you should lead the way up the river in the *Eagle* and we, the destroyers, should follow. We would go up in single file, so to speak, and get you as far as Billingsgate. Then, skipper, you could sell your fish for any price you cared to ask."

"And if the fish didn't land—if it went back to the fish in the Thames?" asked the skipper.

"Then," Greville assured him, "the country would see that you did not suffer loss."

"I don't trust the country overmuch in some ways," the skipper answered. "But this isn't a time for grumblin' an' makin' difficulties. It's a time for every man jack of us to pull together. Will you just map out again what this gun an' mine business means, an' how you're goin' to work these destroyers o' yours up the Thames?"

Grenville, as well as he could, explained the danger of it all.

"It's pretty thick—especially for men 'at aren't paid for fightin' or trained to it," observed the skipper.

Grenville sighed. "That means 'No'?" he asked.

"I didn't say so," replied the skipper. "At a time like this I don't suppose 'at there's a man on board the *Eagle* who could say ought but 'Yes.' Anyway, that's what I say. What's your answer, boys?"

And the crew replied "Yes" also.

"There you are, sir," said the skipper. "Tell us what to do—an' we'll do it. As for mines an' guns—well, dash my buttons, we got a fair dose o' that from the Baltic Fleet, when we weren't expectin' it. It'll be different when you can blaze

"He loved her with a devouring affection.
She, woman-like, sought after him.
Her capture of him was his downfall,
And he died cracked."
It is less trouble, if less romantic, to use KEATING'S POWDER. Kills Fleas, Beetles, Nits in Children's Heads. Tins, 3d., 6d., 1s. New Filled Bellows, 9d.

back an' send a few on 'em to—well, where there's most room for 'em!"

"You're a hero!" declared Grenville enthusiastically.

"Not I," rejoined the skipper. "I'm only an Englishman, chippin' in at doin' 'is duty—like Nelson. A lot of us do that—but we aren't expected to shout about it."

DUPES.

By the exercise of the most reckless courage and the employment of the methods of sweeping and creeping, Lieutenant Richard Grenville fulfilled the task which his Commander-in-Chief had entrusted to him, and that was to clear the Thames from Gravesend to the Tower.

Fortune favoured his audacity and resourcefulness. The odds against him were too overwhelming to admit of the desperate proceeding which had been suggested by Carson, the sub-lieutenant—that the flotilla should dash ahead and risk everything, in the hope either that the mines would be avoided, or that the shallow draught of the destroyers would carry them clear of the submarine perils. After all, he argued, it was inconceivable that the whole of the mines had been so well laid that all were in position; or that in the hurry and the excitement of carrying out his work the enemy had not left some loophole for escaping his snares.

"I daren't do it," said Grenville, "but if I could manage to scare the raiders and make them explode their own mines in a panic, well, I think we could clear up the river in tolerable safety and get the way for anything the Admiral wants to do. I wish I'd a bit more genius in the way of inventing things."

"I've got a notion or two," Carson told him, "but perhaps they're a bit too fanciful. I'm not reckoned over-practical."

"Name them," said Grenville. "At a time like this even babes and sucklings and wild young Irishmen might suggest something useful. You see, we are more the creatures of circumstances than of hide-bound custom, and we have to do what expediency demands. In modern warfare we get some very striking results from the most unorthodox methods, to say nothing of brilliant originality. Perhaps your notions are neither the one nor the other; but, at any rate, you can outline them without the fear of being laughed at."

Carson lowered his voice to a whisper and bent towards Grenville in a way that made it impossible for his words to be overheard.

"We've still got a couple of these Teutons bottled up below," he said.

"I'd absolutely forgotten their existence," declared Grenville.

"Sh! No loud talking—at present!" said Carson. "We'll raise our voices in a minute or two, if you think well enough of my idea. They're in my cabin at present, safely locked up, and in a devil of a funk. They've never been anything else since we took 'em on board from that queer craft the Admiral sunk, as the easiest way out of a puzzle. They've got eyes and ears for everything, and if we go below and talk just in ordinary voices, they'll catch every word we say."

"But that's exactly what we don't want them to do," protested Grenville.

"Oh, yes!" said Carson. "Because we'll say the very opposite of what we want 'em to know!"

"And what then?"

"Send 'em ashore—the magnanimous business, you know, and let them spread the tidings to their countrymen hereabouts of what our intentions are! That'll help us enormously."

"I don't quite follow you. You're too Irish for me," said Grenville.

"Well," continued Carson, undismayed, "the point is to scare 'em all stiff and make 'em in their panic do exactly what we're longing to do ourselves—at the cost of somebody else's skins. And that is to destroy their own mines. But whispering makes me as hoarse as a raven. Can you take up my cue if we go below? It's as quiet as the grave, and they're sure to hear."

"Very good," said Grenville, strangely thrilled.

They went below and paused at the door of Grenville's cabin, which was next to Carson's. They were only two or three feet from the door of Carson's cabin, with the knowledge that anything they said would be quite audible to the two German prisoners who were locked up in the little apartment, having been taken from a German vessel captured and destroyed the previous day. A few other prisoners were distributed amongst the ships of the fleet, as there had not yet been any opportunity to land them.

"Now we're in for it at last!" said Carson in a loud voice. "As soon as we've cleared the way a bit by sweeping and creeping—and that'll be to-night, of course, in the darkness, and with a whacking lot of boats at work—the Admiral's sending the whole of the troops in from the fleet in the Thames barges he's collected. The barges are to be towed in and then left to be carried up with the flood tide just as if they were hay or beer or any other sort or cargo. If the barges get safely past the mines, well, I wouldn't give a day's purchase for the lives of any invaders in London. They'd just be wiped out! I think it's one of the most audacious and glorious schemes I ever heard of! It's worthy of Napoleon!" He lowered his voice. "Do you see it?" he whispered eagerly.

"I'm beginning," replied Grenville, in the same cautious way. "Yes," he added, in normal tones. "But if we fail! If by any chance the enemy should know what we mean to do!"

"Well, then," said Carson. "Good-bye to everybody and everything! It's a horrible risk, I know—just the pressing of a few buttons by these fellows ashore, and our troops are blown sky-high and we are worse off than ever. But, you see, the great point in our favour is that they don't know. And everything is in our favour. The tide will be our best friend. Now we shall have to go on deck and settle things."

They returned to the deck.

"Well," said Carson, "what do you think of the notion? Don't you think that our two friends below will be glad enough to get ashore, and that they'll spread the tidings of what they've heard? If they do, the battle is half won, for we know that the raiders have the means to telegraph and signal all sorts of news from point to point. Within a few minutes of the landing of these two fellows every button will be on the point of pressing, and I should be very much mistaken if a few of the mines weren't exploded through sheer funk."

"And how do you suppose they could be got ashore at the right spot?" asked Grenville.

"Bundle 'em into the dinghy and keep a gun or two on them till they landed. They wouldn't deviate," said Carson genially. "If they got blown to atoms—well, they'd be no loss, except to us, and we should have to get over that. Shall I go below and let them know what you mean to do with them?"

"Please," said Grenville.

The junior went gaily about his task. Opening the cabin door unceremoniously he with as little ceremony desired the captives to come forth to the foot of the companion. He noticed with satisfaction that they were ghastly pale, from which he assumed that they had overheard the talk.

"Gentlemen," he announced, "I am going to make you a very valuable present."

"Ah!" said one of the prisoners eagerly. "What is it?"

"A sight more than you deserve all things considered," answered Carson, "for you aren't what I call a clean or decent or honest sort of enemy. You haven't played the game. But that's neither here nor there. I'm not the master of the ceremonies—which is lucky for some of our friends the enemy. The present is—your liberty!"

"Ah!" exclaimed the prisoners together.

"But you can take your choice," continued Carson. "You can, if you wish, stay on board this ship."

"No, no!" declared the prisoners. "We earnestly beg to be put ashore."

"Very well," said Carson. "Perhaps you're right—because you might join your friends ashore, whereas if you kept to this ship you'd probably be in want of an undertaker when you got found. We're ordered on some very desperate work, and that's why we don't want idlers or burdens amongst us. Come, gentlemen, get on deck at once. You will be put into the dinghy, and you can easily get ashore with the help of the tide. We shall put you out as near to your friends as we can, but mind, you've got to land there and nowhere else. If you play crooked you'll get straightened out with quick-firers in double quick time. You look puzzled, but you know English well enough to understand me. Come, gentlemen."

He stepped aside and the two captives slowly ascended to the deck and gloomily surveyed the stretch of water which they were to cover in the boat.

The dinghy was lowered. There would be no hope of recovering it, of course, but the sacrifice was small and was cheerfully made.

"I do not propose to give you provisions or water," said Grenville. "It is unnecessary, because the reaching of the shore is a certainty, and your country's performance has made food very precious to us. Now, into the boat, gentlemen, and remember that you will not be out of our reach until you land, for we are going up the river, and that if you disobey your orders to land there"—he pointed to the distant shore on his left—"you will be sunk, if it costs me every shot on board. As for the boat—well, if it is of any service to you afterwards you are quite welcome to keep it. Men have crossed the North Sea in worse craft."

In perfect silence the prisoners entered the dinghy and were pushed off on the flood tide, which was already carrying seaweed and *débris* up the broad Thames.

They were first-rate boatmen, having served in the German Navy, and they had no desire whatever to do otherwise than land at the spot indicated by Grenville, for that was the place from which, as they knew, tidings of the purpose of the flotilla could be flashed and signalled to every part of the river held by the invader and defended by his mines. They burned with eagerness to join their countrymen, and announced the momentous intentions which they had overheard. With craftier or more experienced men Carson's device would have courted failure; but the shrewd young Irishman had rightly assumed that the prisoners, who were somewhat raw and uncouth provincials, would not suspect that they were falling into a trap. No such suspicion or distrust, indeed, troubled them.

"The more I think of the awful business," observed Grenville, "the more appalled I am to know that the alien ships were taken up the Thames by alien pilots. I know—and I don't pretend to any brainy brilliance—that to confer a certificate doesn't give an alien a knowledge of the river, but the mere fact that he can get a certificate from the Board of Trade is an inducement to him to learn and qualify, isn't it?"

"Exactly," said Carson, "just as the knowledge that you may become an Admiral of the Fleet bucks you up to try and show the country what a thundering good Nelson you are. But it's one of those things that you never persuade the country to look at from the right point of view. Eh?"

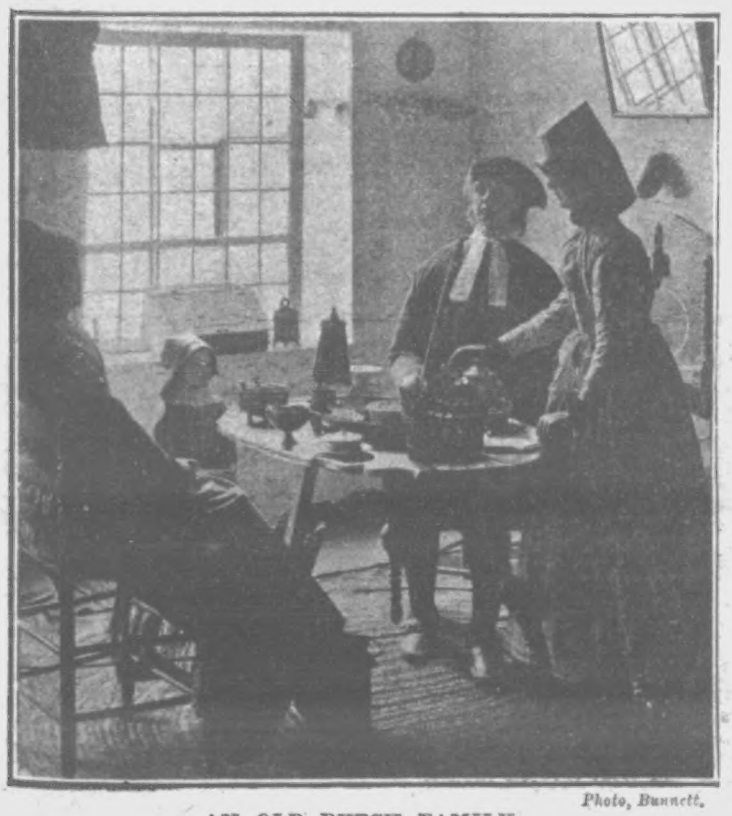
Grenville did not answer. He was watching the boatmen, who now, through glasses, could be seen making for the shore. "I wonder," he observed, "who is most to be envied or pitied to-night? Those who have the pressing of the buttons and whose nerves are stretched to breaking-point, or those who sweep and creep from boats in the darkness and know that at any moment a charge of gun-cotton may destroy them, and that if they survive the explosion the receptive river will offer a ready entrance to the gates of death?"

Carson tried to laugh; but even he became solemn and silent as the last of the day died and the darkness fell on the crippled river. "Keep your breath to blow your porridge with," he murmured. "In other words, to help you on with the devil's own work of this queer night!"

(To be continued.)

Photo, Bunnett.

"WE ARE HOPING FOR PEACE": A charming child study.



Photo, Bunnett.

AN OLD DUTCH FAMILY.

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

Great Finger-Print Competition.

First Prize, £5; Six Gramophones.

The value and uses of finger-prints having come into such prominence during the past few months, we have decided to give readers an opportunity for testing their skill in recognising and detecting the similarity between the lines in a number of finger-prints when many of these finger-prints are placed before them.

Below, therefore, you will find the fifth set of finger-prints. What you have to do is to study carefully the minute lines in the impressions, and see if you can discover that the same finger imprint is used twice or more times during the course of the competition.

As you will see, each of the impressions is numbered. When you think you can couple up two or more of them, cut them out and pin them together, and keep them safely till we tell you what to do with them.

In all some 72 impressions will appear; your task is to couple up as many of these impressions as possible, the winner of the first prize being the reader who succeeds in coupling up correctly the largest number of impressions. The remaining prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

In the event of a tie the prizes will be awarded at the Editor's discretion.

It must be distinctly understood that the couples will not always appear together in the same week's set of impressions; that is to say, that finger-print No. 1 may possibly be the exact counterpart of finger-print No. 72. Or there may be even three impressions reproduced of the same finger or thumb.

A further set of finger-prints will appear in next week's issue.

The published decision is final and conclusive. Competitors must enter only on that understanding.

25. 26.

29. 30.

27. 28.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

"P.I.P." July 22, 1905.

THE EDITOR TO HIS FRIENDS.

This has again been a very busy week, and owing to the large number of news pictures which I have succeeded in giving you, I am obliged to keep this editorial feature as short as possible.

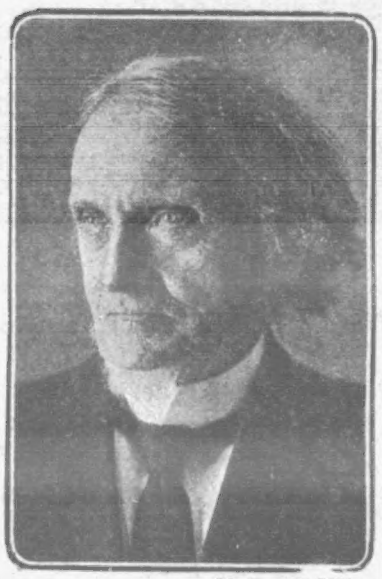
"H. C." writes appreciatively about the little note I published a week or two ago on the cruelty of bearing-reins for horses. He says: "It is a subject I have fought hard for, for many years. I always make a point when hiring from any livery stable, *especially* in London, in making the coachman detach the bearing-rein, which he always does with goodwill, generally saying, 'Oh, I only put it on thinking it might look "smart like," as some of 'em like it, although I don't hold with 'em myself.'"

"Marchoges" has also written to me on the same subject. She says: "The continued and persistent use of the bearing-rein by the majority of owners is an undeniable proof of their ignorance of, or indifference to, the deleterious physical effects that science has proved this rein to have upon horses.

"In the case of heavy draught horses, the experience of all the large owners—the railway companies, the majority of the London Borough Councils, the Corporation of Bristol, Messrs. Thompson, McKay, & Co., Messrs. Pickford & Co., and many others who have discarded the use of the bearing-rein—speaks for itself, and shows a remarkably improved condition of health, and an increased amount of work achieved with proportionately less effort.

"In the case of carriage horses, a well-bred, well-fed, and well-driven horse does not require a bearing-rein to hold up his head, and that a bearing-rein should be used on a horse of this class points at once to some defect either in the condition of the horse or the efficiency of the coachman."

To return to my friend "H. C." He asks me for some information about Arab horses, which I think some other readers of the *P.I.P.* may be able to supply better than I can. "H. C." wants to know where he can obtain in England a young Arab to break and train himself, and what price he would have to pay for it. He thinks he could get one quite easily in France, but fancies it will be more difficult in this country. He says: "I am thinking of breaking one in exclusively for saddle and military work, as for this, I think, they are unequalled."



Photo, H. Mills.

Rev. A. Maclaren, D.D., of Manchester, President of the Baptist World Congress. He has been a famous preacher for fifty years.

The new President of the Baptist Union, his Honour Judge William Willis, K.C., B.A., LL.P., Judge of the County Courts of Norfolk and Cambridge, and Recorder of Maldon and Saffron Walden, is an entirely self-made man. Fifty years ago he was a warehouseman in a firm of drapers. He studied hard in every moment of his scanty leisure, and finally passed through the tough "Matric" of London University. Ever a strenuous Baptist, he was urged by a sympathetic minister to go in for the law. This he did, working from the small hours of the morning almost round the clock, sparing only time for meals and sleep, and his weekly prayer-meeting. At last he took his degree, with honours in five subjects. Then he began practising in the Courts at Westminster. He won his first nineteen cases. Success came and competence in its train. But Judge Willis has never since slackened his efforts. To-day, he is deemed to have a finer knowledge of Common Law than any in the land.

In a case at Southwark County Court last week it was stated that a boy of sixteen named Harvey had rented a shop and carried on a successful grocery business, eventually selling it at a good profit. If this paragraph catches his eye, will he please write to me?

I was with some children on Saturday afternoon, and they played a game which many grown-up people, who wish to cultivate a quick eye and a good memory, might also play with profit to themselves. And it is a capital quiet game for the hot weather.

The game was quite new to me, and I found it very fascinating. I wonder whether many of my readers will know it? About twenty small articles, such as a pair of scissors, a napkin-ring, ink-bottle, stone, reel of cotton, &c., were first laid out on a tray and covered with a cloth.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

Miss Mary Hickman, the pretty girl from the Royal Deaf and Dumb School who presented a bouquet to the Queen at Manchester.

At a given signal the cover was whipped off for exactly half a minute by the watch. In that time the players had to make a mental record of the contents of the tray. When the cloth was put on again everyone set to work writing down as much as they could remember.

It was capital training for one's powers of observation, and it was surprising how many things one forgot at first.

A second part of the game was for one person to read out a list of about a dozen articles from a sale advertisement, which the others tried to write down immediately afterwards. It is more difficult to remember them all than you would imagine. I don't think anyone succeeded in remembering the whole list that afternoon.

VALENTIA STEER.

Replies in Brief.

C. C. C.—Philologists are not universally agreed as to the use of the letters "i" and "e" in such words as "inquire" and "inclose"; as you say, it is common to find either spellings in everyday reading. Both are considered correct, or we should, perhaps, say neither is considered incorrect. As for ourselves, we use the "i" and endeavour to make for uniformity, and we observe that our style is becoming more the rule every day.

ENTO (Leeds).—The caterpillar you have forwarded to us is that of the goat moth. Although apparently large, it is not really so for its species. Sometimes they reach 3in. in length. They take three years to mature, and are extremely destructive to trees, often eating into the wood until the whole tree rots.

B.C.M.—No; the correct form of etiquette to observe in making introductions is to always present the gentleman to the lady. When leaving a large party or ball it is not necessary for you to bid farewell to each guest, and is bad form to do so in the presence of other guests. If walking with a friend, and you meet or are joined by a third, it is unnecessary to introduce the one to the other.

SWIMMER.—Captain Webb was not the only man who succeeded in swimming the Channel. In 1877 Cavill swam from Dover to Calais in twelve hours; and in August, 1890, an American swimmer named Dalton swam on his back from Boulogne to Folkestone.

CENSUS.—According to the 1901 census returns, the population of the United Kingdom was 41,454,578, and of England alone the figures were 30,802,466. The three largest cities in the United Kingdom are, it is stated, first, London, with a population of 4,613,812; Glasgow, with 786,879 inhabitants; and Liverpool, with 716,810.

VISITOR.—Yes, there are plenty of boarding-houses and hotels in London quite easy of access to the principal places of interest. Buy a London guide-book from any local bookseller or railway bookstall, and you will then be better able to draw up a programme of places to see within the week at your disposal. The Houses of Parliament are only open to the public on Saturdays between ten and four, except you can get a ticket from a member to make a visit while the House is sitting.

BLUEJACKET.—Great Britain has undoubtedly the largest navy in the world, and the next largest are said to be those of France, Germany, Italy, and the United States in the order named, Russia being now out of the running altogether.

F. H. (Newcastle).—Your best plan would be to first write to the Recruiting Office for the Royal Navy and Marines, 4 Weymouth Buildings, Sayer Street, New Kent Road, London, S.E. The Recruiting Sergeant will send you full particulars and the forms to fill up.

C. L. D.—Marriage with a deceased wife's sister is not legal in the United Kingdom, but is legal in some of the Colonies. The Royal Family generally are believed to be in favour of a change in the law on this subject.

INVENTOR.—If you will send us your name and address, we will endeavour to get you full particulars regarding the cost of registering a trade mark and taking out a patent in the countries you mention. We cannot give you legal advice.

S. W. (Kent).—If you write to the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, 4 Whitehall Place, London, S.W., he will send you, post free and without charge, a number of leaflets dealing with each of the subjects you mention. The *Journal* of the Board of Agriculture is published monthly, price 4d., post free 6d.; but any local bookseller or railway bookstall could get it for you.

LUKE.—In time of war the Suez Canal may be used by ships of war or merchant vessels, this being the arrangement made at a conference. The greatest number of the Canal shares were taken by the financiers of Europe, but the British Government in 1875 bought the Khedive's holding for nearly £4,000,000. The board of administration consists of thirty-two members, of whom ten are British.

Photo, R. Haines.

Judge Willis, President of the Baptist Union. He is a County Court Judge, and was formerly a successful barrister and an enthusiastic politician. It is said that on one occasion in the House of Commons, during an excited speech, he smashed "C. B.'s" hat three times in as many minutes.

VERSE COMPETITION.

Ten Prizes of One Sovereign each.

Nearly everyone has tried a hand at verse-making at some time or other, and if you have not, here is a capital opportunity, with half the work already done for you, and the possibility of earning a sovereign to stimulate your efforts.

Write a verse of four lines, each line to end with the following words in the order given:—

.....hard
.....luck
.....card
.....tuck

All attempts in the competition must be written on Raphael Tuck & Sons' picture postcards only—attempts sent in on other cards will be disqualified—and each attempt must be sent on a separate card. A sovereign will be given to each of the senders of what the Editor considers to be the ten best verses—the Editor's decision to be accepted as final.

The verse should be written on the address side in the space reserved for correspondence, so that the beautiful pictures on Tuck's postcards may give pleasure to children and patients in hospitals, to whom the competing cards will be sent at the close of the competition.

All attempts to be addressed to the Postcard Editor, "PENNY ILLUSTRATED PAPER," 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

THE COLISEUM, Charing Cross.
FOUR PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 12 noon, 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats. Prices: Boxes, £2 2s., £1 11s. 6d., and £1 1s.; Fauteuils, 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d.; Stalls, 5s., 4s., 3s., and 2s. (Telephone No. 7629 Gerrard); Grand Tier, 1s.; Balcony, 6d. (Telephone No. 7629 Gerrard). Children under twelve half price to all Fauteuils and Stalls. Telegrams: "Coliseum, London."

LONDON HIPPODROME.
Cranbourn Street, Leicester Square, W.C.
TWICE DAILY, at 2 and 8 p.m.
An Entertainment of Unexampled Brilliance.

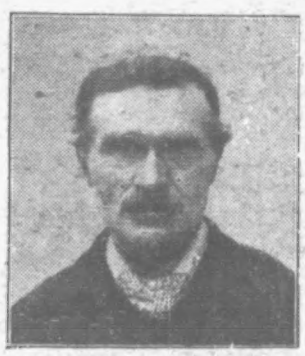
SURGICAL RUBBER GOODS.
WRITE FOR 52-page Illustrated Catalogue, FREE.
ATKINSON'S, 56 N, Hill St., Middlesbro'.

USEFUL HANDBOOKS FOR AMATEUR GARDENERS.

HOW TO MAKE AND MANAGE A GARDEN.
By WILLIAM F. ROWLES, Author of "Greenhouses: How to Make and Manage Them." Extra Crown 8vo, Cloth, with over 100 Illustrations. Price 2s. 6d.; post-free, 2s. 9d.
"Gives practical advice and exposition. The culture of vegetables, flowers, fruit, with the art of making lawns, rockeries, etc., occupy the author's pen. He would make a good gardener of the amateur."
—*Westminster Gazette.*

GREENHOUSES: HOW TO MAKE AND MANAGE THEM.
By WILLIAM F. ROWLES, Author of "How to Make and Manage a Garden." With many Diagrams. Cloth, price 1s.; post-free, 1s. 2d.
Some of the 22 Chapters are on:—
House Construction—The Heating Question—Working up a Stock—Propagation—Pots and Potting—Soils and Manures—Watering—Ventilation—Pinching and Pruning—Forcing—Critical Periods in Plant Life—Tools and Accessories, etc., etc.
At all Booksellers, or of
C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd.,
17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

FREE TO THE DEAF



Mr. W. WILLIAMSON,
Swinister Walls,
Shetland, N.B.,
Writes, January 25th, 1904:—
"I am over 50 years of age and, as the result of a severe sore throat, had for some years past suffered from Deafness and incessant pains in and at the back of the ears.
"Although somewhat sceptical I determined to adopt the 'Keith-Harvey System,' and I am now quite well as regards my hearing, and the pains and noises in my head have also passed away."

Miss M. BATEMAN,
Sweet Tooth Lane,
Sandbach, Cheshire,
Writes, October 31st, 1904:—
"As the result of an attack of scarlet fever in childhood I had for the past 17 years been suffering from Deafness and noises in the head.
"Noticing that others had obtained relief from the 'Keith-Harvey System,' I made up my mind to try it. It has proved most satisfactory in every way, and my hearing is now very good."

Mrs. E. HAYWARD,
Clock Face,
St. Helens, Lancs.,
Writes, July 5th, 1904:—
"For over ten years I suffered from Deafness and noises in the head.
"I could just hear the watch when pressed close to the left ear, but not at all with the right.
"Noticing a reference to the 'Keith-Harvey System,' I wrote for particulars. I then adopted your excellent treatment with the most perfect success, as my hearing has now returned."

Mr. A. SERACE,
6 Sandpit Cottages,
Shirley, near Croydon,
Writes, May 9th, 1905:—
"For over nine years I suffered from deafness and intermittent noises in the head, I attribute my troubles mainly to constant colds in the head which I find it impossible to avoid.
"I determined to try the 'Keith-Harvey System.' Your Treatment surpassed my highest expectations, and in the short space of 18 days has proved completely successful."

IF YOU suffer from Deafness or Head Noises, and desire a complete and permanent cure, write at once to Professor C. KEITH-HARVEY, 117 Holborn, London, E.C., for Pamphlet fully describing an entirely new self-applied method, which he will send you gratis and post-free on mentioning the *Penny Illustrated Paper*.

TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL

Allowed on every cycle bought of us. Your **Money** in full **refunded** if not perfectly satisfactory.
Highest grade, warranted six years,
Coventry Bicycles
LATEST MODELS **£3 to £6**
Packed Free, Carriage Paid
Eadie Free Wheel and Hub Brake, Best Makes Tyres, Inverted Lever Rim Brakes, Two Speed Gears.
200 SECOND-HAND CYCLES all makes, good as new, **£1 to £3**
Factory clearing sale at *half prices*.
EARN A CYCLE taking orders from sample machine furnished by us. **Active Agents** wanted in each district. Large profits easily made. Write at once for **free art catalogues** and our *special offer*. Tyres, Sundries, Sewing Machines, Phonos *half prices*.
MEAD CYCLE CO. **Dept. 25 F**
91-93, Paradise Street, Liverpool,
19, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.

THE 'COURT ROYAL.'

Enormous demand for these beautiful **Baby Cars.** Prices from **35s.** Buy direct at Wholesale prices and save the shopkeeper's profit. Monthly Payments from **4s.** Magnificent Catalogue free.
J. LLOYD COURTS & CO., C'ge Makers, Coventry.

From **5/-** Monthly

Sample £10-10 Cycle for Cash, £4-15. Dunlop Tyres, Free Wheels, 2 Brakes carriage paid. Cycles from £2-10. Sample £42 Motor Cycle, £20. List free.—Dereham-road Cycle Co., Norwich.

BIRKBECK BANK.

ESTABLISHED 1851.

Current Accounts. 2% Interest allowed on minimum monthly balances when not drawn below £100. **Deposits.** 2½% Interest allowed on Deposit Accounts. **Advances** made. **Stocks and Shares** bought and sold.—Apply SECRETARY, Southampton Buildings, High Holborn, W.C.

VARICOCELE.

Every man suffering from Varicocele and the allied troubles should send for Treatise, describing its Causes, Symptoms, Results, and Successful and Painless Treatment, without surgical operation or the use of cumbersome trusses and electrical appliances. Sent sealed, post free, two stamps.—C. A. MURRAY, 7 Southampton Row, London, W.C.

NO LANCING OR CUTTING WITH BURGESS' LION OINTMENT.

THE remedy for Bad Legs, Ulcers, Abscesses, Tumours, all Skin Diseases and Chest Complaints. World-wide sale. Of all Chemists, 1/1½ per box.—K. BURGESS, 59 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

10-inch Permanent Enlargement 4/6

On Mount 18 by 14.

6 Cabinets, 3/-; 6 C.D.V.'s, 1/3; 24 Stamp Size, 1/6; Postcards, 12 for 2/-.

Send Photo and Postal Order to
FRANCIS & CO., 29 Ludgate Hill, London.
Established 1886.

FITS CURED

by **OZERINE**, the new remedy, which has cured permanently the very worst cases of EPILEPSY when everything else had failed. In many cases fits cease entirely from the first dose. **4/6** and **11/**, post free. Thousands of Testimonials. Write to **Dept. 7** for a free bottle and test it.—**I. W. NICHOLL**, Pharmaceutical Chemist, **25 High St., Belfast.**

RUBBER APPLIANCES.

Illustrated Booklet of Elastic Hosiery, Water Bottles, Bandages, Belts, Trusses, Syringes, Enemas, and Surgical Appliances of every description, Free.—Dept. P. P, NORTHERN SURGICAL APPLIANCE CO. 161 Seven Sisters Road, Holloway, London.

RUPTURE CURED.

Gentleman (cured himself and many others) will send FREE particulars of inexpensive self-curative treatment. Highly recommended by the medical profession, and within reach of all. Mention paper and send stamp for "HOW."
Secretary (Box 54), 3 Earl St., Carlisle.

Ladies Recommend Nurse Herbert's Pills.—The reliable remedy for all Female Disorders. Warranted non-injurious. Superior to Pilocchia, Apiol, etc. Price **1/-** and **2/6** per box, post free, securely packed, with full directions, on receipt of Postal Order.—Obtainable only from HERBERT, Chemist (Dept. 3), 161 Seven Sisters Road, London.

Good! It's Mason's!

NON-INTOXICATING

HERB BEER

The most wholesome of all beers or drinks. Pure, Refreshing and Tonic. Stimulates, but does not intoxicate. Absolutely free from Saccharine or any other harmful ingredient so often found in other beers and drinks. Children are delighted with it!

6d. Bottle makes 8 gallons.

Of all Chemists and Stores, 6d. Bottle post free for 9d.

A small Pamphlet, "Hints on Brewing," sent post free on receipt of 1d. stamp. *Agents Wanted.*

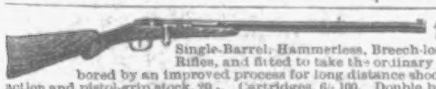
NEWBALL & MASON, NOTTINGHAM.

"No Better Food"

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa

THE OLDEST HOUSE IN THE TRADE.
Established 1728.

Support Home Manufactures.



15/- For ROOKS, PIGEONS, RABBITS

Single-Barrel, Hammerless, Breech-loading Shot Guns, converted from Government Rifles, and fitted to take the ordinary No. 12 Central Fire shot-cartridges; specially bored by an improved process for long distance shooting, 15/- each. Best quality, with self-ejecting action and pistol-grip stock, 20/-. Cartridges, 6/- 100. Double barrel Breech-loaders from 29/-. Air Guns, 12/6. Walking Stick Guns, 12/6. Revolvers from 4/-. Send 3 stamps for Price List.
MIDLAND GUN CO., Vesey St., BIRMINGHAM.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the following rates:—

SITUATIONS VACANT	1d. per word.
SITUATIONS WANTED	1d. per word.
PRIVATE WANTS, SALE, or EXCHANGE	1d. per word.
TRADE	1/- per line of 8 words.

Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "P.I.P.," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Monday morning for the following Friday's issue.

9 GUINEAS.—American Organ, "Santley" Model (list price 20 guineas), 11 stops, including 2 knee stops and the beautiful solo stops vox celeste and vox humana, 2-octave couplers, handsome high case, in use about four months; 10 years' warranty; easy terms arranged on approval; packing and carriage free both ways; full price paid will be allowed within three years if exchanged for higher class instrument.—D'Almaine and Co. (established 120 years), 91 Finsbury Pavement, City. Open till 7; Saturdays, 3.

15 GUINEAS.—Piano, "Duchesse" Model (list price 30 guineas), by D'Almaine (established 120 years); solid iron frame upright grand, full compass, full trichord, celeste action, etc.; in handsome carved case, 50 inches in height; in use only six months; sent on approval; carriage free both ways; 20 years' warranty; easy terms arranged; full price paid will be allowed if exchanged for a higher class instrument within three years.—D'Almaine and Co. (established 120 years), 91 Finsbury Pavement, City. Open till 7; Saturdays, 3.

Eggs.—Sittings for Sale. Houdans, Plymouth Rocks, White Wyandottes, Silver Grey Dorkings, Buff Orpingtons, 3s. each sitting. Brown Leghorns, 3s. 6d. Unfertile eggs in any of these sittings replaced.—Manager, The Poplars Poultry Farm, Ashford, Middlesex.

Do You Earn £5 Weekly? Do you want to? Write for our proposition, prospectus, and list of successful students. Sent free on request.—Page-Davis Advertising School (Dept. 173), 195 Oxford Street, London, W.

GAUTIER'S Apiol and Steel Pills regulate the system; boxes 7½d., 2s. 3d., 4s. 6d.—P. I. Baldwin, Chemists, Electric Parade, Holloway, London.

"Swimming," by Montague Holbein, the celebrated Channel swimmer, is a splendid book for those who wish to become good swimmers; price 1s. 2d. from The Publisher (S. Dept.), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

"Cricket," Edited by G. L. Jessop, contains practical instructions as to how to play the game by K. S. Ranjitsinhji, C. B. Fry, G. L. Jessop, and others; price 1s. 2d., post free, from the Publisher (C. Dept.), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Replate your Bicycle.—Reliable Silver-Plating Compounds, 1/- bottle; three, 2/6.—Samuel Ridge, Moresk-road, Truro, Cornwall.

Artistic Photo-postcards of yourself, beautifully finished. Ten for 1/-, send photo; send no money; pay afterwards.—R. Salbini, Marifield Road, West Derby, Liverpool.

The Paper That Makes You Think Is Smith's Weekly.

One Penny Every Tuesday.
Splendid Clerk Number This Week.

AMONG ITS CONTENTS ARE:—

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS OF BUSINESS.
Compiled by one who has made a success of life.

WHY NOT DINNER CLUBS FOR CLERKS?
Such institutions would be appreciated by thousands of office workers.

WHEN A CLERK LOSES HIS BERTH.
Some hints on the best way to obtain another.

LADY CLERKS MUST BE PLAIN.
Employers think pretty girls vain and touchy.

FROM OFFICE STOOL TO FAME.
The records of some men who have risen.

GOING TO BE A LADY CLERK?
If so, this article may help you.

£5 IN PRIZES OFFERED TO CLERKS ONLY.

STRENGTH AND HAPPINESS FOR THE WEAK.

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